McCALL'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 5 CENTS 1915

Jack Sprat could eat no fat
His wife could eat no lean
But CREAM of WHEAT was such a treat
They licked the platter clean

Painted by Loyd L. LaDriere for Cream of Wheat Co.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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OUT OF THE MAIL-BAG

We Would Like to Hear from Mother

Gentlemen:

We have been taking McCALL'S MAGAZINE in our home for the last ten years, but I wish to ask you to discontinue my mother's subscription. I had always thought that McCALL'S showed more common sense in the selection of its special articles than any other woman's magazine. But the article entitled *Emancipation for Grown-Up Mothers* has caused more trouble in our family than anything since the youngest cut his second summer's teeth.

My mother is not very strong, but has an unusual amount of determination and self-will. If she needs her garden dug, she has always been inclined to dig it herself; if she wants a chicken-house built, at that she goes. And so it is with the whole list of things that women most emphatically should not do. I have four sisters; between us, we were just beginning to exercise sufficient influence over Mother so that we were not afraid, if we should all leave the house, that we would come back and find Mother brandishing a hoe or lifting the piano. I repeat—we were beginning to get Mother to see woman's work from a sensible viewpoint, when the much-objected-to article came out. She has read *Lavender vs. Pink* to us, separately and collectively. And now when we find Mother carrying out the kitchen range to give it a dusting, or re-hinging an oaken gate, we remonstrate in vain; she quotes from that dreadful article, and our most urgent appeals avail nothing.

And so, I ask again that her subscription be discontinued, as it will take years to undo the mischief which that one issue has wrought in our home.

—S. J. W., Cullowhee, N. C.

Why They Like McCall's

Dear Editor:

There are many reasons why I like McCALL'S better than any other family magazine—its good, wholesome stories, its practical fashions, but, most of all, because of its convenient size and shape.

Oh! I beseech you, do not let McCall's grow to twelve by eighteen proportions, for when it does it will have outgrown the housewife for whom it was designed! The family magazine must be of such a size that one hand can manage it while the other more industrious member wields a churn-dash or cuddles a baby.

A magazine does not need to cover half an acre in order to command respect in the home, neither does it need to contain a dozen or two uninteresting articles each month which one pays for, but never reads.

Here's success to McCALL'S, the magazine that should be in every home. —A. J. R., Shelley, Idaho.

Dear Editor:

I cannot resist telling you how attractive the cover of your May Magazine is to so many of our friends. I know two who bought the magazine to get the cover to frame. Your artist knows how to attract lovers of pretty and artistic Dutch girls. I hope we will see more of Mary A. Hays' work in the near future. Pardon my writing you. I love your little magazine, and was charmed with its May cover.—Mrs. L. M. W., Trenton Junction, N. J.

They Like Our Fiction

Dear Miss Hodgson:

Will you allow an old farmer the privilege of thanking you for the jolliest half-hour in many months, when I read your short story in the March McCALL'S? I refer to *The Subliminal Soul of Elaine Boggs.* The humor contained therein made me laugh until I was sore, and as laughs are few and far between in these war times, I feel bound to thank you, and to wish you every success.

—W. R., Manitoba, Canada.

The McCall Editor and Writers:

I want to let you know how very much I enjoyed *My Chum's Sisters,* also *The Substitute.* I read them aloud to a young woman friend, and to my husband after first reading them to myself. I never tire of good stories. Some time last fall a story called *The Wife I Made* came out in McCALL'S. It was fine. I read it to my husband, then took it to the Women's Christian Temperance Union; and, honestly, I never saw folks enjoy a story better. Three different ladies asked for it that they might read it to their "Johns". I want to tell you how much I enjoy the magazine. My husband thinks it is fine. We both like good stories and real happenings, and we find them in McCALL'S, then pass them on to our less fortunate neighbors, who enjoy them.

—Mrs. W. E. T., Braggadocio, Mo.

Dear Editor:

I write to let you know what a lover I have been of the short stories written by Mariel Brady.

I am a subscriber to your magazine and just love every story in it, especially the ones I have referred to. Each month I have been especially eager to read what new thing "Billy" has done, and how she and "Dean" get along. But this month I was so disappointed. No Billy appeared. I have read everything else, but still there seems to be an emptiness that was left by Billy failing to appear.

Will there be no more about Billy? I am sure others feel as I do. Maybe this might be a tiny suggestion to you to tell us more about her. Hoping that it will, I remain a great friend of your magazine.

—Miss S. B., Trenton, N. J.

About Zona Gale

The Department for Social Betterment in your magazine, conducted by Zona Gale, has been a perfect joy to me during the past year. The ideals and the wonderful prophetic vision of this woman, who is to me one of our greatest, are an inspiration we all need—and the work she is doing for humanity is second to none. Not merely "I"—the surface "I"—but some great force in me, deeper than thought, more intense than feeling, loves every word of Zona Gale's with a passionate love that is all longing—a sense of awakened desire for the things she sees in the future, an inspiration that is a determination to work with her, and all who see the vision, to make it true for our world—now! I cannot express the effect she has—it is like that of divine music—but more definite in its urge.

Yours for a better humanity and more of Zona Gale in McCALL'S MAGAZINE. —R. P., Chicago, Ill.

OUR FORECAST FOR SEPTEMBER

WHEN you tear off the wrapper of your September McCALL'S, you will find yourself looking at one of the prettiest covers of the year. There she stands—the little school-girl, whom Gene Pressler has pictured for us, in sunbonnet and checked apron, her pretty cheeks seeming to reflect the glow of the great basket of red apples she carries. You will be sure to want a copy for framing—which reminds us that we have printed a limited number of copies of our August cover, "The Veranda Girl", in color, and will mail a copy to any address for five cents, as long as our supply lasts.

Romance and Reminiscence

SUMMER has a way of stirring up all the deep-down love of romance which exists in even the most prosaic of us, and by the time September has arrived we are in just the mood to enjoy a Real Love Story. That is why you will particularly like *The Gasoline Girl,* by Lucille Van Slyke, in which the heroine is a very independent young person, indeed, with a Noble Mission which gets itself mixed up with automobiles, and gasoline, and raisin cookies, and pirates, and a courtin' colt—and Freddie! There's a marriage license in the last line, and they all live happily—or, at least, two of them—ever after! *Sixteen,* by Linda Stevens Almond, is a delicious little tale which will carry you back to your first long dress, your first real party, your first escort and the thrill which comes but once in a lifetime.

The Lady and the Lion

TIME was—so our grandmothers say, and our mothers affirm—when a whole realm of experience was sacred to Man alone. He held public office, he went to war, he explored dark continents; and Woman looked on with no thought of emulation. Not so, these modern days! Let but one of Man's deeds awaken Woman's interest, and behold! she promptly encroaches on his preserves. And what an interesting experience she makes of it!

It was in listening to the tales of a hunter and explorer that Lady Grace Mackenzie became fired with the desire to penetrate into the African Jungle, and meet a lion or two face to face. *In the Wild Heart of Africa* is the story of the experiences which came to her as the only white woman in a big section of the most primitive country in the world. It is illustrated by remarkable photographs, taken by Lady Mackenzie herself.

Is Education Compulsory?

DO you go about, as most of us do, congratulating yourself that you live in an enlightened country where education is not only free to all, but obligatory upon even the reluctant little youngster who thinks it lots more fun to run errands for the grocer or sell newspapers on the corner, than sit at a school-desk? *Growing Up Like Father,* by Helen C. Dwight, will introduce you to some children who, you may be surprised to learn, are not only out of school, but are working ten to twelve hours a day, and may, incidentally, enlighten you as to just how far education really is compulsory in these United States of ours.

Milady in the Mode

ENTER the era of *The Uneven Skirt Hem.* It appears in scallops, it dips here and there with tantalizing irregularity, it hangs in points, and discloses flashes of a contrasting facing. Our Home Dressmaking Lessson will tell just how to make one of these Uneven-Edged Skirts. The *Nipped Waistline* is found in *The Fall Coats,* which have full-flared hips. Other features of the mode are *The Merry Widow Waist,* with armhole extending almost to the waistline; *The Pantalette Petticoat,* to be worn under full skirts; *The Military Middy,* for all ages, and the very popular *Marine Suits for Boys.*

September Sundries

THE pages of the September magazine will be full of practical articles for the housewife, including tested receipts for spicy and delicious *Relishes and Pickles* and *Nine Ways of Preparing the Grape;* while sick-room wisdom will be found in *The Trained Nurse in the Home,* and *Cookery for the Sick.* There are helpful suggestions on *The Science of Dishwashing;* new ideas and designs for *Summer Embroidery,* and numberless other articles and departments.

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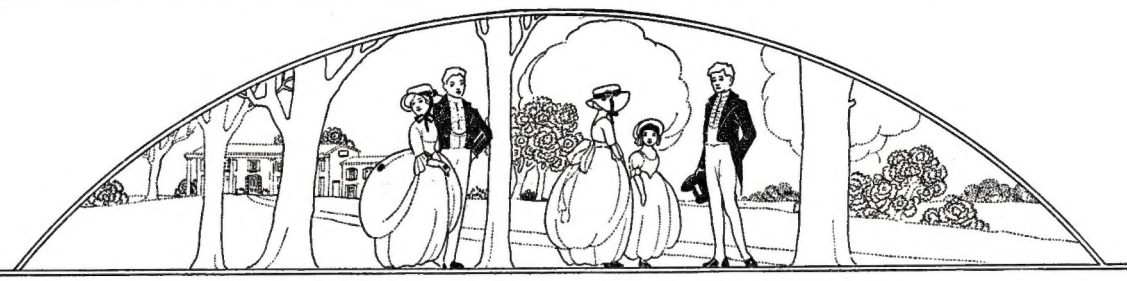


August McCALL'S MAGAZINE 1915

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

TWO old schoolmates, come together again after the lapse of years, they alternately gazed at each other in tender scrutiny, and opened their lips to pour into the quiet of the little parlor a flood of conflicting questions which bid fair never to receive an answer.

"How different it has all been from what we planned, hasn't it?" said the Cheery-Faced Woman chokily, winking back a tear.

The slender Little Widow nodded. "You were going to be a missionary—was it India or China?—and have eight children, all boys."

"And I haven't any," said the Cheery-Faced Woman. They were silent. "And you were going to do wonderful things with your music, and have no children at all, because you never meant to marry."

"And there are John and Bertha and Prudence and Nance!" laughed the Little Widow.

"But you've kept up your music, haven't you?" queried the Cheery-Faced Woman. "You were so wonderful, Eunice."

The Little Widow looked down at her hands. They were strong and capable—hands that had swept and dusted and mended and nursed and washed dishes. "No," she said.

"Oh, Eunice, why?" cried the Cheery-Faced Woman poignantly.

THEIR eyes met. "As if I didn't know!" she answered herself, accusingly. "It's always that way, isn't it? I wonder if anybody ever does keep up the things which mean so much to them when they are young."

"The first year it was easy," said the Little Widow, twisting the wedding-ring on her finger. "But then the babies began to come, and, someway, just as it seemed that I could go back to my old habits and steal a little time each day to practise, there was always measles, or mumps, or whooping-cough, or starting them into school or keeping them out, or making new clothes or mending old."

The Cheery-Faced Woman tried to smile, but the smile wouldn't come.

"It seems such a waste, Eunice," she said. "Where does it all go to, this great store of things we learn and lose? It's like creating a beautiful statue just to let it crumble to pieces that can never be put together again."

The Little Widow leaned forward, almost breathlessly. "But can't they?" she asked tensely, "can't they? Sometimes I wonder!"

DO you, too, believe that the ambitions and accomplishments which you have been obliged to put by, must crumble into uselessness? Or, like the Little Widow, do you sometimes—wonder?

Let me tell you the tale of a famous Russian artist and his violin—a Stradivarius, so precious that, in traveling, it was carried always in his hands.

One day, waiting on a railway platform, he was pushed by the crowd directly in front of a porter's truck, and, crash! his wonderful violin lay scattered in a hundred pieces. I do not know what inspired him, frantic with grief, to gather up the broken bits in his capacious handkerchief—probably merely a feeling that a Stradivarius shouldn't have even its fragments profaned; certainly no idea that use could be made of them. Yet, weeks later, he brought them to an old violin-maker, and spread them before him mutely.

"You want me to mend your violin?" the old man asked slowly. The Russian artist nodded.

"If you give me two days, no!" said the old man. "If two weeks, no! If two months, still no; but if you give me two years—yes!"

And two years later, from the fragments which had littered the railway platform, a perfect violin had been painstakingly re-created.

Has life seemed to render useless talents on which you once built your highest hopes? Don't accept the loss! Gather up the fragments and go to work. Not in two days will the miracle be wrought, nor two weeks, nor two months—perhaps not even in two years; but in the end, yes!

THE WONDER WOMAN

A SERIAL STORY

By MAE VAN NORMAN LONG

Synopsis of the Two Preceding Instalments: — On a swift-flowing Idaho river, which loses itself in low-growing greenness lives David Dale, homesteader, with a little workshop where he makes wonderful cedar chests; and with him dwells Joey, of whose history we have yet been told nothing. Not far away, in a primitive shack on Hidden Lake, dwells Judith Batterly, widow, young and beautiful and mysterious, whom David in his heart calls "Haidee" and the "Wonder Woman", but who, to little Joey, is "Bell Brandon", after the song she has taught him to play on the flute. To David's door, one stormy night, comes a stranger, lost in the storm and apparently ill, to ask his way. He rests by the fire; but the night is too wild for him to go forth again, and David gives up to him his own built-in bunk of hemlock boughs, and creeps in, himself, beside little Joey. Waking in the night, he finds Joey sitting up in bed, wishing on a star that "the big man" would go.

JOEY WAS BASKING IN THE SUN ON THE BACK STEPS

CHAPTER VII

JOEY did not get his wish concerning the departure of the big man, for the next morning the big man was in no condition to go anywhere. He was still lying in his bunk when I went through the room to build the kitchen fire; and when breakfast was ready, he had not roused even to the strains of "Bell Brandon" piped on Joey's flute.

I stood over him, and he looked up at me with lack-luster eyes, attempted to rise and rolled back on his pillow like a log.

"'Morning, stranger," he muttered. He winked at me slyly. His face was puffy and red, his eyes swollen, his breathing irregular and labored. "What's matter?" he protested thickly, then he smiled with a painful contortion of his fever-seared lips. "I seem to be *hors de combat.* Terrible pain here." He touched his chest.

"I'll get a doctor at once," I said.

He thanked me, gave me a keen look, and asked wheezingly: "Not married? No wife about?"

I shook my head. "Unfortunately, no."

He winked at me a second time. *"Lascia la moglie e tienti donzello,"* he cackled.

I WENT from the room pondering on the strange personality of this man who was unquestionably a scholar, and who, no doubt, considered himself a gentleman. I despatched Joey for a doctor.

"Take Buttons and ride to Roselake, as fast as you can," I bade him. "Where's the collie? He may go along."

Joey, basking in the sun on the back steps, laid aside his flute. His lips drew down, and his eyes bulged widely.

"The big man's going to stay, then, Mr. David?"

"Run along!" I said sharply.

As I let down the meadow-bars, Joey turned in his saddle and gave his clear boyish whistle. But no Jingles answered the call, and a moment later the lad rode away with a clouded face.

A few moments later, as I plied my ax at the rear of the cabin, the cold muzzle of the collie was thrust against my hand. I stooped to caress him, and as he leaped up to greet me, I smiled as my eyes caught the color and the sheen of a silken ribbon threaded through his collar. Well I knew that bit of adornment—that crimson fillet that Haidee had worn in her hair.

I touched the inanimate thing with tender fingers, and started suddenly to find a jeweled pendant hanging there, glowing like a dewdrop against the dog's soft fur. I stood agape, feeling my face soften as my fingers stroked the bauble; and then I straightened up with a swift presentiment. It was in no playful mood that Haidee had placed that costly gewgaw about the collie's neck.

I turned toward the stable, then remembered that Joey had taken the horse. My only recourse was the canoe. I ran to the willows where the craft was secreted. I had it afloat in a twinkling, and was paddling away down the river, the collie barking furiously on the shore.

Poor, pale, beautiful Haidee! She lay like a crumpled white rose in the bracken beside the spring. The white fir-tree that, in falling, had crushed the lean-to of the frail cabin had swept her beneath its branches as she bent for water at the spring. This was the story I read for myself as I stood above my prostrate girl. But it was many days before I learned the whole truth. How, close onto midnight, she had heard a man hallooing from the lake shore; how she had stolen out from the cabin in the storm, fearing an intrusion from some drunken reveler from the village tavern; how, after the tree had fallen and pinned her fast with its cruel branches, she had lain unconscious until with the first streak of light she had felt the touch of the collie's muzzle against her face; how she had roused, and, her hands being free, had torn the ribbon from her hair and bound it about the collie's neck, and, as an afterthought, attached the pendant from her throat, thinking the ribbon alone might not occasion surprise.

SHE told me all this, days afterward; but when I reached her side, she was incapable of speech, and only a flutter of her white lids denoted that she was conscious.

I had a bad half-hour alone there in the bracken, watching her face grow grayer and grayer as I worked to dislodge the branches that were pinning her down. And, at last, as I lifted her in my arms, I saw the last particle of color drain from her lips and realized that she had fainted. But I had her in my arms, and her heart was beating faintly. And, some way, hope leaped up and I felt courageous and strong, as I bore her to the river and placed her in the canoe.

Joey was kneeling among the willows with his arms clasping Jingles, as I beached my canoe near the workshop.

"I knew something had happened to Bell Brandon," he declared, in big-eyed misery. He held the scarlet

ribbon in his hands. Then a look of joy made his face luminous. "The doctor's here, Mr. David. I didn't know I was abringing him for her—I thought it was just for the big man."

So Joey had a name for my wonder woman, too. I could not but feel that his name was the sweeter of the two.

I bore Haidee through the room where the doctor was in attendance on the big man, who was by this time raving and incoherent in his delirium, passed swiftly through the small hallway that separated the cedar room from the main one, and laid Haidee on Joey's bed. Then I brought the doctor. I left Haidee in his hands, and Joey and I passed outside to the Dingle, and stood there silently, side by side, by the pool.

I saw the green mirror flecked with the white petals of the syringa, and I heard a squirrel chattering in the hemlock above my head, and was conscious of a calliope humming-bird that pecked at the wool of my sweater. But my whole soul was in that cedar room, where Haidee lay white and suffering, and I was repeating a prayer that had been on my mother's lips often when I was a child as she had bent over me in my small bed:

"Oh, Lord, keep my dear one! Deliver us from accidents and sudden death—Good Lord, deliver us."

But Haidee's condition was not serious. The doctor came out to Joey and me with the assurance, and at once the world began to wag evenly with me. "All she needs now is rest," he said suavely. "She will not be able to walk for some time. You'd better get a woman here, Dale, to help out. Mrs. Batterly mentioned it. There'll have to be a trained nurse for the man.

In the workshop, Joey and I considered the situation in all its phases, and Joey sagely counseled: "Send for Wanza."

The suggestion seemed a wise one, so I penned a careful note, and Joey rode away to the village, for the second time that day.

In my note, I said:

Dear Wanza:

Washed or unwashed, your hair is wonderful. It is like corn-silk, and your eyes are surely blue as the corn-flowers. Forgive me—for I am in trouble. The lady of whom I told you has met with an accident, and is here at my cabin unable to be moved. I have also a very sick man—a stranger—on my hands. Joey and I need you—will you come?

Your friend and admirer,
DAVID DALE

Wanza responded gallantly to my call for aid. In a couple of hours, I heard the rattle of her cart and the jingle of harness and the sound of Buttons' hoof-beats on the river road, and emerged from my workshop to greet her.

She stepped down from the shelter of the pink-lined umbrella, and answered my greeting with great circumspection. I lifted down her bag and a big bundle, Joey caried her sweater and a white-covered basket, and together we escorted her to the cabin and made an imposing entrance.

THE big man, tossing about in his bunk in the front room, ceased his confused mutterings as we crossed the threshold, struggled up to his elbow, stared, and pointed his finger at Wanza. *"La beauté sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum,"* he said indistinctly.

Wanza stared back at him, not realizing the import of his words; and as I frowned at him, he threw up both hands and drifted into dribbling incoherence. I pointed to the door at the end of the room, and Wanza went to it swiftly, opened it quietly, and passed through to Haidee.

I PARTED THE UNDERBRUSH AND STOOD GAZING AT MY WONDER WOMAN BEFORE SHE WAS AWARE OF MY COMING

The stage stopped at Cedar Dale late that afternoon and set down the trained nurse. And our curious ménage was complete.

The nurse proved to be a sandy-haired, long-nosed pessimist, a woman of fifty, capable, but so sunk in pessimism that Joey's blandishments failed to win her, and Jingles stood on his hind legs and pawed his face in vain.

All through supper, she discoursed of microbes and the dangerous minerals in spring water. She read us a lesson on cleanliness, repudiated the soda in the biscuits, and looked askance at the liberal amount of cream I took in my coffee.

"Cream has a deleterious effect on the liver," she informed me, looking down her nose sourly, while Joey wrinkled his small face, appeared distressed at the turn the conversation was taking, and gasped forth:

"Why, Mr. David, do people have livers, same as chickens?"

MRS. OLDS sniffed, Wanza looked out of the window and bit her lips, and I shook my head at Joey.

"My dear Mrs. Olds," I said cheerfully, "there is nothing the matter with my liver, I assure you."

She looked me over critically, inquired my age, and when I told her thirty-two, remarked darkly that I was young yet.

When Wanza and I were left alone in the kitchen, I had time to observe Wanza's hair. It made me think of the flaxen curls on the heads of the French dolls I had seen displayed in the shop-windows at Christmas time. Each curl was crisp and glossy and hung in orderly, beauteous exactness, and the little part in the center of her head was even and white as milk. Palely as her hair was wont to gleam, it shone still paler now, until in some lights it was almost of silvery fairness and indescribable sheen. Beneath it, her blue eyes looked almost black, her complexion had the rare whiteness of alabaster. There could be no two opinions on the subject—Wanza had washed her hair!

I knocked together a crude cot, covered with a bit of canvas, on which Mrs. Olds and Wanza were to take turns sleeping in the kitchen, and I soldered an old canteen to be used as a hot-water bottle at the big man's feet. And I did sundry small errands that Mrs. Olds required of me before I was dismissed for the night. But when Joey and I closed the kitchen door behind us and stole away in the darkness beneath the yews to our new sleeping quarters in the workshop, I went with an effulgent glow and rapture at my heart. She was beneath my roof. She was eating my bread. The room on which I had labored through many an arduous day out of love and compassion for Joey had become a haven of refuge for my wonder woman.

CHAPTER VIII

THE doctor came early the next morning and rendered me incredibly favorable reports of both his patients; so that I was able to buoy myself up with the hope of seeing Haidee before many days had passed. She sent me a series of charming messages by Wanza throughout the day. The first message was to the effect that the room was delicious and the bed like down. Again—the air through the open windows was sweet as the breath of asphodels. And the last message said that the outlook through the windows was so sylvan that almost she expected to hear the pipes of Pan, or see a faun perched upon the rocks or a Psyche at the pool.

I hugged these gracious words to my heart, and began work at once on a reclining-chair in which Haidee could rest during her convalescence, and the fashioning of two little crutches of cedar, the doctor having confided to me that when Haidee left her bed she would require the support of crutches for a week or two.

The second day, the message from the cedar room thrilled me: "Tell Mr. Dale that I have been lifted high on my pillows where I can watch Joey at work in the Dingle." Later on, the question came: "Joey is making something. What is it?"

Joey was passing through the kitchen when I received this message. I called to him: "What are you doing in the Dingle, Joey?"

"Pooh," he said, puffing out his cheeks, "I'm not doing anything."

"Nothing at all, Joey?"

"I'm just covering a cedar round for a—a hassock for her—Bell Brandon's feet when she sits up. I'm covering it with the skin of that mink you trapped last fall."

I duly reported this to Wanza. She looked at me, tossed her head, and went quickly back to the cedar room. I began to think Mrs. Olds's pessimism was infecting her. Certainly my bright, insouciant Wanza seemed changed to me since her installation at Haidee's bedside.

I received messages, too, from the sick man, but disjointed vague outbursts that showed his mind was still wandering in the realms of fantasy.

"Tell my host," he begged Mrs. Olds, "that I'm a sick man—a very sick man. Tell him I say I'm a gentleman—a perfect gentleman. Tell him he's a gentleman, too. *Noblesse oblige*—and all that sort of thing, you know."

MRS. OLDS gathered that he was a mining man from Alaska, with interests in the Coeur d'Alenes and that his name was Bailey. She had discovered a leather wallet in his coat-pocket with the name in gold letters on the flap, and his linen was marked with a B. Pending absolute certainty that his name was Bailey, we all, with the exception of Mrs. Olds, continued to designate him "the big man"; and as days went on, Joey added to this and called him the big, bad man, for his language waxed coarser. He was almost violent, at times, and I was glad that the tiny corridor separated Haidee's room from the one in which he lay.

The doctor diagnosed his case as typhoid, and promised us a speedy convalescence. He looked at me significantly and added: "He'll recover. But when he goes to that unknown bourne, finally, he may not depart by a route as respectable by far. He's a periodical drinker—about all in. Can't stand much more."

A few days after this I received an unexpected order for a cedar chest from a writer who signed herself Janet Jones, and directed that the chest, when finished, should be sent to Spokane.

"I have seen your cedar chests," she wrote. "And how I want one! I'm a shut in—and I want the beauty chest in my boudoir because it will remind me of the cool, green cedars in the depth of the forest, of wood aisles purpling at twilight, of ferns and grass and all the plushy, dear, delightful things that bend and blow and flaunt themselves in the summer breeze. When I look at it, I am sure I can hear again the voice of the tortuous, swift-running, shadowy river on whose banks it was made. And I long to hear that sound again."

The check she enclosed was a generous one. The letter seemed almost a sacred thing to me. I folded it carefully and laid it away, and not even to Joey did I mention the order I had received. But I began work at once on the cedar chest. And I labored faithfully and with infinite relish. The check was a material help to me, and something prompted me to lay bare my heart and tell my new friend so in the note of thanks I penned her that night.

The wood paths are overrun with kinnikinic, lupine, and Oregon grape, just now [I wrote], and the trees are in their greenest livery. The paint brushes are just coming into bloom and the white flowers on the salmon berry bushes were never so large before, or the coral honeysuckle so fragrant. My senses tell me this is so; but there is a deeper green in the heart of the woods, a tenderer purple on the mountains, because of one who bides temporarily beneath my roof. And because of her—oh, kind benefactress—I thank you for your order, for your praise, and for your check. I am poor—miserably poor! And for the first time in eight years ashamed of it.

[*Continued on page 78*]

"WHAT A NICE LITTLE BOY YOU MUST HAVE BEEN!"

WANTED—A HERO

By EDNA ERLE WILSON

Illustrated by DENMAN FINK

THE Young Doctor was late to dinner. However, he was trying to make up for his delinquency by not being any later than he could help, knowing well from past experience the fate of one who is too late to a boarding-house dinner. He turned the corner like a November wind and was scurrying up the stairs three steps at a time when he almost fell over something soft and dark huddled up on a step about half-way to the top. He stopped himself just as a low muffled voice from out a black velvet coat said:

"Don't step on me, please."

"Pardon me," said the Young Doctor, "I didn't mean to, I assure you. But it's so dark on these stairs, and I'm in rather a hurry."

The Young Doctor hoped the Black Velvet Coat would move aside so that he could go on up-stairs to his waiting dinner. But the Black Velvet Coat didn't move. It spoke again.

"I'm crying," it announced.

"I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the Young Doctor, sitting down on the step below the step about half-way to the top, and lighting his pipe. That was the nicest thing about the Young Doctor. He always had time to listen to you, even if his dinner was waiting.

"I don't know. Are you a hero?" asked the voice.

It was such an unexpected question that the Young Doctor jumped.

"Heavens, no!" he answered. "I'm—I'm—just a man!"

At that the Black Velvet Coat moved, a head uncovered itself, and a pair of very wide-apart gray eyes, red from weeping, stared at the Young Doctor.

"Oh, I did hope you'd be a hero," said the owner of the eyes disconsolately.

HOW disappointed you must be! What do you want with a hero? Are you going to put him in a cage and exhibit him to the staring public for ten cents a look?" asked the Young Doctor.

"No," said the girl in the black velvet coat, "I'm going to put him in a story and sell him to an editor for more than ten cents, I hope."

"Oh, I see," said the Young Doctor.

"It's like this," said the girl, leaning over toward the Young Doctor and throwing out her slim little hands expressively. "All the editors say I can write, but I can't write heroes. My men are dummies—not real at all, you know. I can see that myself. But what can I do? One can't go out and chase down a hero with a net, as one would a butterfly, can she?" she inquired whimsically, with a droll little laugh.

The Young Doctor smiled with the girl. When he smiled, he made you think to yourself, "What a nice little boy he must have been!" But the smile flickered across his face and away like a flitting sunbeam. Immediately he became grave and grown-up and business-like again.

Impulsively the girl in the black velvet coat thrust her small inquiring face forward.

"Please—please won't you help me find a hero?" she asked.

"A hero?" asked the Young Doctor slowly, his face wrinkled up with thinking very hard. "A hero? Yes, I'll try. I tell you what I'll do. I'll take you to the hospital with me. Heroes are brought in there every day. You can make notes and put them all into stories. Would you like that?"

"Yes, indeed! How splendid of you! When can we begin?" asked the girl, jumping up and starting to climb the stairs.

"We'll start right after dinner," said the Young Doctor. "Where do you live when you aren't sitting on the stairs crying for a hero to drop from heaven?"

"I live right up here on the fourth floor. And my name is Elizabeth London—Betsy for short."

"I live on the fifth, and my name is Richard Harris—Dick for short," returned the Young Doctor, going on up-stairs to the dinner which had waited too long.

PROMPTLY at eight o'clock Dick Harris and Betsy London started out on their chase for heroes. They went to the emergency ward of the Big Hospital. It was a new world to Betsy, this big, white, clean, disinfected place, with its white-gowned nurses, kind, capable doctors, and suffering patients. Betsy sat in a chair out of the way and watched the quiet efficiency of it all, or followed Dick through the other wards, where sometimes she was allowed to talk to the convalescents. Every night that week the Young Doctor brought her down, and on Saturday night Betsy's note-book had the following entries:

WANTED—A HERO

Monday—Small messenger boy
Tuesday—Old French bookseller
Wednesday—Sailor
Thursday—Minister from slums
Friday—Fireman
Saturday—Italian day-laborer

"Now I have six heroes here," said Betsy, "who have distinguished themselves for bravery. I'll go one more night and then I'll start the story." So Sunday night Betsy and Dick went for the last time. About ten o'clock Dick came to take Betsy home and she followed him down the corridor to the entrance. Just before they reached the door a nurse stopped the Young Doctor.

"The Little Lad is calling for you, Doctor Harris. He's suffering terribly and none of us can quiet him. Can you come?"

The Young Doctor turned quickly, as a soldier would at the call to battle.

"Yes. Wait here, Betsy," he said, hurrying down the hall.

While she waited, the nurse told Betsy of the Little Lad and his poor twisted back.

"Sometimes the pain is so bad that the child cries out that he wants to die," said the nurse, "and we can't give him any medicine to make the suffering easier, because his heart is weak. Only Doctor Harris can do anything with him. He takes the Little Lad's small wasted fingers and holds them tightly in his own hand. 'Pain is the Big Enemy,' he says, 'now we must be Brave Soldiers and fight a good battle!' It's wonderful to see how the boy responds, and it's more wonderful still to see the Doctor's tenderness with him," finished the nurse.

When the Young Doctor returned, his face was smiling.

"The Enemy is routed for to-night," he said to the nurse, "and the Little Lad is sleeping."

That night Betsy made another entry in her note-book. It read:

Sunday—Hero found!

Monday morning Betsy started work on the story. It was such a full-grown story before she began to write it that she could hardly get it down fast enough. She loved every word of it, almost as much as she used to love her first efforts back in her high-school days. And, at last, she felt that she had a hero, not a dead-and-alive-dummy-on-a-string kind of man, but a real, alive, human, active man. She gloated over that man. Every time he moved or spoke in the story, Betsy stood back and applauded mentally.

THE Young Doctor had formed the habit of dropping into Betsy's little sitting-room every evening after dinner.

"How is the hero progressing?" he invariably asked.

"The hero," answered Betsy, "is quite wonderful. I'm falling in love with him myself. I fear I'll love him so much by the time the story is finished that I'll hate to part with him."

"Oh, that would be too bad! Don't forget that he's being created for the public, not for a little girl."

Just then the Young Doctor smiled, and Betsy said: "What a nice little boy you must have been!"

"Thank you. What a nice little girl you still are!"

"Don't you hate growing up?" questioned Betsy, her head on one side.

"No—I rather like it," admitted the Young Doctor. "Just think if I were a little boy, I wouldn't half appreciate what a wonderful young person Miss Betsy London is. I'd probably much prefer riding up and down on the banisters, or playing marbles on the street with that gang of youngsters. No, really, I much prefer being grown-up and being here with you."

It took a full month to complete the story. Every word had to be gone over and fitted and re-fitted into place. When at last it was finished and sent forth, Betsy felt a great relief and a great emptiness and a great fear. Suppose her hero wasn't a Man after all? Suppose the editor wouldn't take him. Suppose he was a failure?

At this point Betsy would resolutely stop supposing. But she couldn't work. It was simply impossible to begin creating another hero until she learned the fate of this one. So she spent her days waiting for the postman, and waiting for the postman is just about the most trying of occupations. It makes the hours drag like tired feet walking through the sand in rubbers, and it wilts one's vitality as a noonday sun does a broken lily. Yes, waiting for the postman is very trying.

ALSO, the Young Doctor had ceased dropping into Betsy's room in the evenings after dinner, and Betsy missed him terribly. She missed his nice, musical, sympathetic voice, she missed his joking and teasing.

At last, however, the postman brought the letter with the fate of Betsy's hero in it. It wasn't a long thick envelope, but a small thin one. Betsy's heart gave a great thud at the sight of it, and her little slim fingers trembled as she tore it open. Eagerly and fearfully Betsy read the letter, saying that—the story was accepted! Nothing in all the world can be quite as wonderful as one's first acceptance. Betsy wanted to laugh and cry and dance and sing all in one breath, and she did a little of each.

[*Continued on page 76*]

A HOSPITAL FOR QUEER PATIENTS

HOW NEW YORK WOMEN TAKE CARE OF THE CITY'S ANIMALS

By LOUISE E. DEW

IT is a crowded city street. The traffic policeman at the intersecting corners is busily engaged in untangling congested traffic, and over the cobblestones heavy coal wagons and market wagons and huge vans full of manufacturers' supplies lumber noisily, while an occasional taxicab honks its circuitous way through the press.

A little girl with a dog in her arms, almost as big as herself, stands on the corner, making tentative excursions into the street, but always being driven back by impending wheels. Then the jolly fat policeman blows his whistle, the wagons all stop, and with his hand held aloft, the guardian of the law escorts girl and dog to the opposite corner.

"How's he, this mornin'?" he asks, as he takes his friendly hand from her elbow.

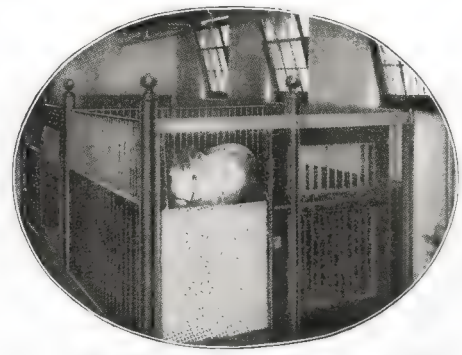
"Oh, lots better—lots. Don't you think so?" she asks anxiously, as she turns the dog's face up and peers into its lack-luster eyes. "But, of course, his leg's in splints yet. You ought to see him walk. It's just like a man with a wooden leg," she ends with an irrepressible giggle.

"Ah, sure, he'll be all right in no time. An' I'll bet he won't get run over by no more automobiles in a hurry—will ye, Romeo?"

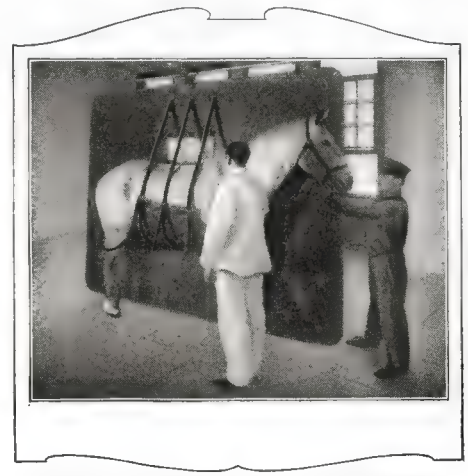
BUT Romeo makes no response, other than a feeble attempt at movement of his tail, and his solicitous little mistress takes a fresh grip of his clumsy body and hurries along to where, just a few doors away, a curious group is gathered in front of a four-story brick building that spreads itself out to fill the half-block between Shinbone Alley and Bond Street. On the broad stone steps that cut back through the face of the building, an old man stands, drawing a brilliant green tablecloth closely around the shaggy dog he carries. The old lady in front of him snuggles a little dog protectingly; and as she bends her head over it, it is hard to tell which is the whiter or woolier, her hair or that of her pet. Another old lady, with a crooked bonnet and a crooked smile and a crooked cat, peers over the rim of her glasses that don't fit, to see why all the men who stand lined up along the curb holding horses by the bridles are smiling, and all the little boys and girls who are carrying cats in baskets, and dogs on leashes, and cats or dogs gently in their arms, are giggling. For smiling and giggling they are, though not at Romeo and his little mistress. Just beyond her, two little boys, one of them weeping softly and the other trying to comfort him, are wheeling a baby carriage, and in the carriage is—a goat! Even the policeman on the corner relaxes in a broad grin, quickly suppressed as the motherly old lady with the crooked bonnet and the crooked smile and the crooked-tailed cat flashes an indignant glance at the crowd and asks the older boy what is the trouble.

"It's Billy," he announces, as the small brother sniffs loudly. "He fell off the roof and broke his leg. Do you think, ma'am, the doctor can mend it?"

And just then the closed doors of the big building swing open, and everybody crowds forward to file in, for it is behind those brick walls—the walls of the strangest hospital in the world—that the small boy's question will receive its answer.

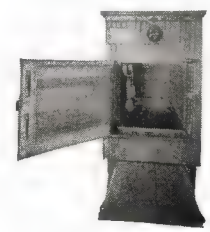


THE STALLS ARE LARGE ENOUGH FOR THE ANIMAL TO LIE DOWN IN WITH COMFORT



STRAPPING THE HORSE TO THE OPERATING-TABLE

NEW YORK'S BIG ANIMAL HOSPITAL



IN THIS, SMALL ANIMALS ARE PAINLESSLY ELECTROCUTED

NEW YORK is a city in which many of the poorer people are drivers, truckmen, and peddlers, dependent upon their horses—or, in many cases, upon one poor hardworked horse—for their livelihood, and it was in charitable work among the poor of this big city that Mrs. James A. Speyer, one of New York's wealthy and philanthropic women, realized the great need for a free dispensary for animals, where the sick or injured could be cared for and serious loss and hardship to the small owner averted.

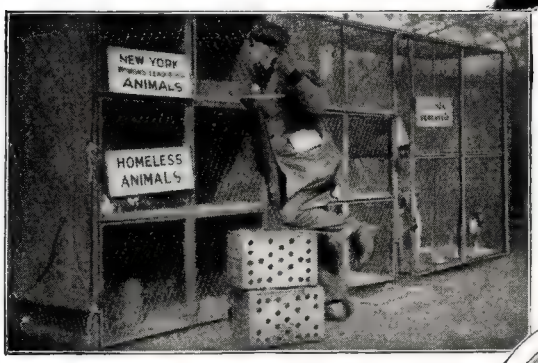
It was this realization that led to the organization of the New York Women's League for Animals, and the opening of a modest little dispensary in this same neighborhood, where traffic was heavy and it would be accessible to the poor the League aimed to help. Immediately, truckmen from all over the city, including the Borough of Brooklyn, as well as from Long Island and New Jersey, brought their horses for treatment. In four years there were 30,000 such cases, all of which had been treated just outside the dispensary door. It soon became apparent that if there were to be permanent cures, it would be necessary to have a hospital where the animals could be left for treatment and care, instead of being returned to unsanitary stables, and so, in time, the modest little dispensary was replaced by a real hos-

pital, the finest in the world for animals, and the first of its kind in the United States.

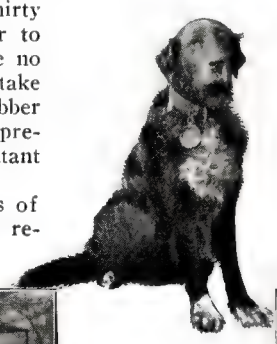
Inside the entrance, one steps on one side into the receiving-room for dogs and other small animals, and on the other down an inclined plane to the receiving-room for horses, which has large doors opening at the ground level, and is spacious enough for a ballroom. The floors are of concrete and the walls of cement and brick, and spotlessly clean.

From the receiving-room, which has several immense stalls, another inclined plane leads to the basement or lower level, where are not only the wards for contagious diseases among horses, but the "death house" for small animals, hopelessly sick or injured. The electrical death cages are the second of their kind in the world. Brass collars are suspended from the ceiling of the one for dogs. Into the one that fits the best, the dog walks. The attendant clasps the collar and the door is closed, completing the circuit. It takes exactly thirty seconds by the minute glass over the door to perform this painless operation. There are no collars in the cat cage, as felines do not take kindly to superfluous neck ornaments. Rubber mats in front of these electrical machines prevent any contact by the operator and a resultant shock.

Back on the first floor, the waiting rows of boys and girls, and men and women, are receiving constant accessions. One little boy at the very end of the bench next the door into the doctor's examining-room, and who has been carrying a puppy carefully wrapped in a newspaper, has yielded up his place to Billy and his perambulator, just as the doctor opens the door and invites the first patient to come in.



THE PARK SHELTER CAGES FOR STRAY ANIMALS



TEDDY, WHO RESCUED TWO CHILDREN FROM DROWNING; BELOW, AN ATTENDANT IS WASHING OFF A DOG'S COT IN THE POST-MORTEM ROOM

HIS TOOTH HAS TO COME OUT

THE goat's leg is quickly set, the boys watching the dexterous feat admiringly. One of them extracts a penny from his pocket, and thrusts it into the hand of the veterinary.

"Nay, nay, my lad! This work is absolutely free; so you owe me nothing," the doctor explains with a smile. As they pass out of the dispensary, however, the older of the two boys stands on tiptoe and slips the coin into the big heart-shaped voluntary contribution-box out of sheer gratitude for the restoration of his pet.

The little boy who gave up his place to Billy-Goat now takes his turn, and he, too, soon comes out smiling, his puppy swathed in bandages. The old Irishman, with the shaggy dog wrapped in the green tablecloth, emerges weeping, for he now knows the truth: his one friend and companion is suffering from the same incurable malady as he—old age, and there is no Fountain of Youth for either of them.

Next comes a noble-looking collie which the doctor advises the owner to leave for a week's treatment. The man is a sad-eyed specimen of humanity and he parts with his pet reluctantly. A little fair-haired girl whom the doctor has advised to have her hopelessly mangy doggie "put to sleep" cries as if her heart would break, for, mangy or not, she loves her pet. That is why she has carried him all the way from Brooklyn in a bandbox, making the journey on foot, because there were no carfares.

AND so, for hours at a stretch, they come and go from the office of the miracle-worker, an endless procession. Meantime, down in the horses' waiting-room on the first floor, a long line of drivers are awaiting their turn to ask for the summer bridles which are given away. Some of the bits and bridles they carry are an armful, weighing no less than ten pounds apiece, and are a constant torture to their poor wearers. Fly-nets, too, are in great demand, and their use is encouraged, especially with drivers of dock-tailed horses.

The first call for treatment is from a driver whose horse is overcome with the heat. The poor animal is relieved by the veterinary, and made comfortable in the detention stall, while the owner is notified by telephone. Next comes a big black horse writhing in pain, and with tears running from his nostrils, for horses actually cry with pain or grief like human beings. Old Ebony is put in the padded stall in the corner—the walls are hung with heavy coco-matting—where he can kick and writhe all he pleases without injury to himself or the attendants. The veterinary administers a dose or two of medicine, and while he is waiting for it to take effect, turns to a visitor who is making a tour of the hospital.

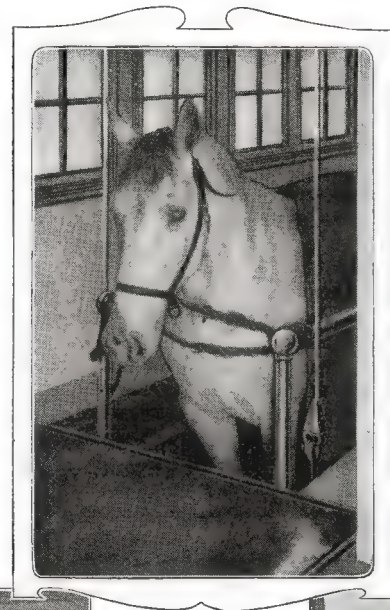
People who think animals do not have their joys and sorrows would change their minds if they had much to do with them," he says, with feeling. "I've seen many a horse weep and grieve and grow physically ill over the loss of a mate."

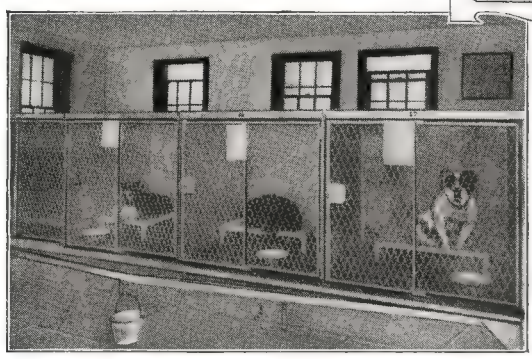
A big chestnut horse who is the assistant breadwinner for a young fellow, whose family numbers eight, is next

in line. The veterinary notes that Chestnut limps as he walks across the cement floor, and an inspection discloses that he must remain for a minor operation—a removal of the lateral cartilage for which a local anesthetic will be used.

His master is quite distressed, for there are "the wife and the children who must have bread", and how is he going to manage it without old Chestnut? The veterinary is sympathetic, but reprimands the man for having neglected his horse so long as to necessitate the operation and incapacitate him for his duties. He explains that there is now but one alternative. Chestnut is placed on the elevator and sent up to the general ward on the second floor to be prepared for the operation.

NEXT comes old Gray limping painfully. He has picked up a nail in the middle zone of the foot, with resultant infection. He must have an operation for the removal of the frog, and to open up the bursa. A ten days' bandaging and a redressing will put him on his feet, if all goes well. He follows Chestnut in the elevator to the general ward for a good two weeks' rest.





ALL ILL, BUT GETTING THE BEST OF CARE

OLD GRAY, STANDING BLISSFULLY IN THE HEALING HOT WATER; BELOW IS BUM, ATTACHED TO THE POLICE FORCE AND DECORATED FOR HEROISM

AWAITING THEIR TURN WITH THE VETERINARY

The horse that follows him has a wretched sore on its forehead caused by a loose band and a broken blinder which, mended with wire, constantly rubbed against the eye and caused an abscess. An inhuman bit, also mended with wire, has a broken edge that has caused the mouth to ulcerate. The veterinary tells the driver that the horse must remain for a month's treatment, then he will be provided with a humane bridle and a straight bit to replace the torturous ones he has been wearing. The Italian is speechless for a moment, but when he finds his voice he expresses himself excitedly:

"Da beasta he no cry like-a da cat or da dog; so how could-a I know?"

Next comes Billy-Boy—a splendid looking animal—"all right except that he's too frisky", his owner explains. There are tears running from the animal's nose, and he stamps resentfully to make the veterinary understand that he is being maligned.

"There, there, lad, stand still, and we'll see what is the matter. Come, open your mouth like a good boy," coaxes the veterinary reassuringly.

"Um, um," retorts the veterinary wrathfully. "If you had a tooth as badly decayed as this, you might be frisky, too. You'd be bellowing so every one would know it. The tooth has been neglected so long that it can't be extracted in the ordinary way. The horse will have to be trephined—operated on—an opening in the head, you know, to pull the tooth," he adds. Exit horse number four for an operation.

Not all are operative cases, however, as the horses come with all sorts of ailments. Then there are many emergency cases due to accidents with street cars, automobiles, moving vans, and other big electrically propelled vehicles.

The general horse ward is on the second floor. Here are various box and single stalls, all of which have sanitary floors with loose removable standing parts which can be flushed with water by aid of a hose. All of the waste matter is taken to a trap door that opens directly over the receiving-room on the ground floor, is dropped into a wagon and carted away. Each stall has a sanitary porcelain-lined food basin, and is large enough for the animal to lie down in with comfort. Chestnut and Billy-Boy in adjoining stalls *de luxe*, are dining from their porcelain-lined food basins, as if they had been accustomed to such luxurious sanitary quarters all their lives. It must seem like a horse heaven—this beautiful, quiet, sunny room where there is not an odor, except that of the clean-smelling disinfectants, and where they never hear anything but kind words.

At the other end of the aisle Old Gray stands in the soaking stall with water to his knees, actually appearing to appreciate the comfort and relief afforded his poor aching feet.

As it is difficult to lead a horse into water, this soaking stall was devised by the architect of the building. It has a metal floor or platform. When the animal is led into the stall, the platform is lowered into water, and the animal obliged to remain as long as is necessary. Then the platform is raised by means of pulleys, and the animal walks off. In cases of trouble with the feet or joints, the soaking-stall is invaluable.

OVER in the operating room at the north end of this floor they are getting ready to operate on a fine-looking horse, afflicted with a tumor. The animal is first strapped to a perpendicular platform which then is turned over into a table by machinery. An anesthetic is administered by means of a cone, the horse having been previously given a narctoic to hasten the action of the chloroform. After the operation, the table is again turned to a perpendicular angle, or nearly so, and the horse is unstrapped and slipped on to a big truck, by which means he is hauled to one of the sanitary padded stalls.

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NAN COMPETES

By CLAIRE L. SHAY

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD

DID you ever have to live with a beauty? Well, I assure you it is uphill work trying to be charming with one in the same house with you. One lazy sweep of a fan in her graceful hand, and every little charm of yours is cheap. She seems to take the curl out of your hair and the shine out of your eyes. It is much easier just to cease trying to be charming, and become a nonentity.

That is what was rapidly happening to me. I was turning into a mouse, a little gray, quiet mouse, because it was so palpably impossible to compete with Pauline.

Pauline Law is my cousin. We are both Laws: I am an orphan and live with Uncle, who is a widower with one daughter, Pauline. My name is Nancy, or, as I am generally called, Nan. I am twenty-four, and Pauline is twenty-six.

I would not be half bad-looking, apart from the family beauty. People who have never seen Pauline have called me "a very pretty and charming girl". But stand us up side by side before a mirror! I am little, with a Frenchy figure and small feet and hands. But, beside Pauline, I look dolly and insignificant. She is tall, slender, erect, queenly. (You should have seen her at the Harrisons' costume-ball, as an Egyptian princess! The men groveled at her feet!)

My hair is golden-brown, very fluffy and curly. But, beside Pauline's masses of midnight hair, mine looks mud-color.

MY eyes are dark-gray, long-lashed, and with dark brows above them; they are not very large, but they are laughter-loving eyes, with humorous crinkles; they are sympathetic and understanding. Pauline's eyes are neither sympathetic nor understanding, nor are they humorous, but they are pools of velvet brown, with thick, inky lashes that sweep upward at the ends. They make mine look like green glass pin-heads. No, I don't like to stand beside Pauline in front of a mirror!

BUT WHEN HE KNELT AND ADJUSTED MY LITTLE SLIPPER, LOOKING UP INTO MY EYES, PAULINE'S EYES SAID: "REALLY, THIS IS MOST EXTRAORDINARY!"

But our mouths—score one for Nancy! Mine is much prettier than Pauline's—sweeter, fuller, more laughing. Hers is almost without curves, and when she is tired or cross, it looks thin and hard and disdainful.

But our chins—here again she scores. Mine is just a chin, that is about all you can say for it. But hers pokes forward, softly curved, but resolute, and with a dimple square in the middle.

Did I mention our noses? I think not. Mine is insignificant, and inclined to turn up. Hers is pure Greek, a beautiful, perfect nose. I could gaze at it and forget to eat. Her profile is exquisite.

So, now, I guess you see why I was turning into a little gray mouse, and forgetting that I was a girl with a right to admirers of my own.

Admirers! Such things were impossible with Pauline around. She didn't want my beaux, poor girl. She wouldn't have put an eyelash in the way of my success. But they just naturally faded from my side and banked up in drifts around her.

Well, to come to the beginning of the action in this little tale, I went to visit the Whittens, who, strange to say, had never seen Pauline. I described her, and took her photograph, and they thought it wonderful; but still they insisted that I, too, was pretty. Not only pretty, they said, but very pretty. I expanded like a flower. I gasped with delight, tried my hair new ways, took a fresh interest in my clothes.

And a young man called, and kept on calling. And another young man called, and he kept on calling. And, then, Roger Pendleton called.

When I was fourteen years old, I was madly in love with Roger Pendleton. He belonged to a large family of big, good-looking sons. But for some reason, although several of his brothers were better looking than he, I fell in love with Roger. No, don't laugh. Fourteen or no fourteen, it was love—a high, exalted feeling of admiration for a big, clean, good man, which stayed on in my heart as an ideal. He had such a good face, such a kind face, with large eyes set wide apart, and he was so big—over six feet, with immense shoulders.

THE year that Pauline was away at boarding-school, and I was home on account of a broken collar-bone and a passing trouble with my eyes, we lived in a house two blocks from the Pendletons. How I worshiped Roger from afar! The day we both got on a car and it gave a lurch and sent me into his arms, I walked about in a state of embarrassed happiness for weeks afterward. I had touched his rough coat with both my hands, and had been near enough to see how blue and kind were his eyes.

Well, after all these years, Roger Pendleton called on me at the Whittens'! He brought me flowers and candy, we danced together, went to the theater, rode horseback in the early morning with the wind in our faces.

And I blossomed and bloomed, and he said with his eyes that he thought I was little and dear and pretty and companionable and spirited and graceful and humorous and absurd. You see, with him, I was myself—I was I. I could reach heights of gracious dignity, or I could sound deeps of amusing nonsense. But at home with Pauline, I was just a squashed bug. So, for that reason, when he looked all those things at me, I looked at him very kindly, but very calmly, and when my heart thumped, I just placed the icy hand of reason on myself, and said to myself: "No! wait until he has seen Pauline!"

And then, one day, when he tried to bring things to a head, I side-stepped the issue neatly, and invited him for a visit to our home a fortnight following.

Then I sat down and did some desperate thinking.

I wanted Roger—I acknowledged it to myself frankly—I wanted him badly. I loved him with every bit of me.

But when he saw Pauline, he would most certainly fall in love with her—unless something could intervene.

I systematically counted up my assets and liabilities and Pauline's also. I went over the armor of her perfection for possible flaws, and found many. Small of me? I couldn't help it; I wanted him, and she didn't.

There was, for instance, her English accent. Pauline has cultivated a carefully modulated, musical voice with broad "a's" and a decidedly English intonation, and she says "Just fahncy"; and "My word!" No one seems to mind it; it is part of her. But, sometimes, when I am tired or discouraged, it grates on me, and I wondered how Roger, who is such a stickler for sincerity, would like it.

Then, when Pauline has been losing sleep, or a new gown isn't right, her mouth becomes a thin, hard line, turned down at the corners. Her features are still beautiful, but she looks forbidding, repelling. I hoped that Pauline would have a blue fit before Roger. Yes, I did, and sincerely, too. But you wouldn't blame me, if, like me, you had seen all the men who had ever shown a fleeting interest in you desert you promptly, to go and gasp like hooked fish at a beauty's feet.

THEN I counted up my assets. I could sing fairly well. Pauline also sings fairly well. We, both of us, play the piano with about the same degree of excellence. We dance well, we ride horseback. What was there I could do to make a splash in our circle and distract Roger's attention from the dangerous Egyptian princess? The words "Egyptian princess" brought up her image vividly before me and once more I reviewed her.

And then I leaped to my feet with an inspiration! Pauline's charm consists one-half of beauty and the other half of a sense of power. When I am angry at her, she has only to look at me, and I can feel her eyes saying: "You know you adore me, simply because I am beautiful! You can't be angry at me!" She enters a room: the proud lift of her head seems to say "Grovel!" and the men grovel. Her eyes flash "Come here!" and they come. Her smile coaxes "Love me!" and they fall in love. But none of these things would be as deadly as they are, unless she knew that she could succeed. It is the consciousness of power which makes her invincible.

So there was my answer in a nutshell. I resolved to steal her plunder. I tried the workings of it that very night.

The Whittens were giving a dance. Before I entered the room, I took a deep breath and said to myself calmly: "You are a queen! There isn't a man in this room whose heart you cannot win!" (Rather large talk for a little gray mouse!) Then my head went up in the air, and I sailed in. Without departing radically from my general style, which is informal, I let this feeling of power take possession of me, and it gave me buoyancy, magnetism, brilliance.

That night I had proposals from two medium-sized, brown-eyed men. I'm afraid I answered absent-mindedly, for my heart was overflowing with blue eyes and broad shoulders.

The next day I bade good-by to the Whittens and ran up to the city for a week's visit with an old school-friend. While there, I put in a busy time getting some extra pretty frocks and learning some fancy dances.

Then I went home on a Thursday. Roger was to arrive on Saturday.

"You look quite perky, Nan. I fahncy you've been having a good time!" was Pauline's only comment on my electrically-altered behavior.

There were about six other people invited, besides Roger. One of them was Schuyler Van Wyck, Pauline's most faithful swain, who had proposed to her once a week for the last four years.

Saturday came. Pauline and I met Roger at the station in the machine. She looked lovely, gowned and hatted in white, with a rose-lined white lace parasol over her head and a huge rose in her corsage. Roger's eyes met mine with a glad leap, then as quickly they leaped away and devoured Pauline. "This dream of beauty in the same world with me and I didn't know it!" his eyes said plainly.

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THE OVERGROWN GIRL

By A THANKFUL MOTHER

Illustrated by MARY LANE McMILLAN

MY Eleanor was married to-day, and to-night my eyes are wet with tears of joyous gratitude, of supreme contentment!

Lonely? No. To-morrow I shall be lonely, but to-night a mantle of peace enfolds me. After the long, long years, the crown of successful motherhood is mine. I have given to the world a strong, beautiful, well-poised woman, a fit mate for the fine, brave, well-balanced man whom any woman would be proud to call son.

"I'm so happy—so wonderfully, blessedly happy, Little Mother," Eleanor whispered, bending over me while the carriage waited for her, "and I owe it all to you, every single bit of it. You've brought me through everything; you've always understood, and so you have been able to make me see things in the right way."

"I owe it all to you!" How good it was to hear her say it. And yet, though Eleanor does not suspect it, in the very nature of things I cannot explain it to her, my heart tells me that she owes a large portion of her happiness to Cousin Clara.

Eleanor is like the branch of my father's family of whom Cousin Clara is a physical type. I remember the first time that I ever saw Cousin Clara. She was ten years my senior, and the gulf between ten and twenty is wide. She was tall, broad-shouldered, full-breasted, with a grace and freedom of movement which told of abundant health and physical vigor. Her cheeks were vividly red, her abundant hair was of rich, shining brown, her eyes were very large and darkly lustrous. She laughed down at me as she drew me close to her side.

"My, what a fairy slip of a girl!" she exclaimed, "all eyes and ears and long black stockings, now. But you're going to be the physical image of your dainty lady mother, some day, my dear—and you little know what a blessing that is. You'll never walk in far, far places where your mother's feet cannot follow you."

I remember the words perfectly, with one of those queer freaks of a child's memory, though I did not in the least understand, and my mother looked as puzzled as I felt.

"You say such queer things, Clara," she complained gently, "what do you mean?"

"I mean that it is a blessing for a hen to have chickens, but it is a tragedy when she hatches out ducklings," replied Cousin Clara, and I knew that my mother was still perplexed. I do not know whether they continued the subject, for I drew away from my cousin then, as I had wanted to do from the first moment. She was affectionate, and superbly beautiful, but I felt vaguely uncomfortable and repelled, and I was glad to run off to my play again.

ELEANOR was three weeks old when Cousin Clara came to see her. She took my baby in her arms and stood looking down at her with the expression which her eyes always held for little children. Then she said slowly: "She's a darling—but she's a big baby!"

"Yes," I assented, eagerly, "isn't she splendid? Ten pounds, and she's gaining every day!"

Cousin Clara looked at me oddly as she answered, "Yes, she's a big baby. She's an Adler."

I gasped. It was the Adler side of my father's family that had produced the big women, and, somehow, I had never felt drawn toward any of them. Cousin Clara, they had always said, was "all Adler", and there never had been any real sympathy or understanding between us. But, now, quite suddenly, I found myself in an easy chair. Cousin Clara had settled me in it with one capable hand, while she held Eleanor with the other. She put my baby in my arms now and stood looking down at me with a smile that was half-pitying, half-amused.

"There, little mother, cuddle your baby and don't be so shocked," she said. "It will be some time before she grows out of your arms. And, after all, you know, there is something to be said for the big women of the race."

"Why, why, of course," I stammered, "it's fine for her to be big and healthy. I'm sure I never—"

Cousin Clara interrupted me with a little laugh.

"Don't try to soothe my wounded feelings," she said, "it is all right. You have never liked big women or men. You can't help that; it is like a taste for onions or a distaste for celery, just a natural thing which cannot be explained. You may cultivate a taste for celery because you know it is a perfectly good vegetable, and you may learn to like a woman because your reason and your sense of justice tells you that she is worthy of your affection. But an acquired taste, whether it is for vegetables or for folks, never is quite the same as a natural one. It may have the virtue of stability, but it lacks the charm of spontaneity."

"You must be mistaken," I persisted, honestly bewildered. "Some of my very good friends are big men and women, you know."

"Yes—I said that a taste may be cultivated. But think back through the list of your intimates, from the little tots in the kindergarten to the girls at college—what physical type were the ones you loved at first sight?"

LOOKING back through the years, I knew that she was right. While I was puzzling over this new thought, she spoke again.

"There, child, don't get agitated. I didn't mean to upset you, I only want to make you listen to what I tell you now, and fix it in your memory, against the time when you need it."

Cousin Clara's eyes had in them an earnestness which I never had seen before as she bent toward me, speaking slowly, as if her words must be chosen with great care.

"I'm going away next week. Probably I shall not see you again for years. Now that Mother is gone, there is no reason why I should not live my own life in my own way. Poor Mother! She would have been happier had she let me stay in New York where I was happy with my work, instead of dragging me home and trying so desperately to have me 'be like other people'. But I was her only daughter—she couldn't be happy without me, and she never was happy with me."

"But she loved you dearly," I ventured.

"Loved me, yes. But there's got to be something besides love between mother and daughter, just as there has to be something more than love between husband and wife to make a successful union. Understanding, and where understanding is impossible, mutual tolerance and sympathy. This is what I want you to remember: little Eleanor is a big, splendid baby, and in a few years she is going to be that thing of all things feminine most trying to be—an overgrown girl. There's not the slightest doubt of it; look at her length of limb, the width of her shoulders, the strength of her wee chest. And, as an overgrown girl, she is going to tread paths that you have never trod, my dear, have experiences that you never had, see visions that you never saw, think thoughts that you never thought!"

"But I don't understand," I gasped. "Of course, an overgrown girl is awkward for a few years, but—"

"Of course, you don't understand," Cousin Clara's voice cut in crisply; "that is why I am warning you. I do understand. And I am trying to save you from heartache when I tell you that an overgrown girl is a delicate and difficult problem. Her mind cannot keep pace with her body, and a child's mind in a woman's body is a fearsome combination. Eleanor will not develop evenly and symmetrically as you did. She will have long, trying, unbalanced years—years when all that you can do will be to keep so close to her that harm cannot touch her, so close that she will never wish to keep a secret from you, so close that you can protect and guide, even when you do not fully understand."

"I WON'T HAVE IT," SHE STORMED, WITH A STAMP OF HER STURDY FOOT

BUT you were complaining because your mother wanted to keep you close to her," I protested.

"Physically close, yes," Cousin Clara's smile was tenderly whimsical. "Dear little Mother couldn't get close in mind or spirit, it simply wasn't in her. She was a hen with a duckling. Her sole thought was to make me just what she had been. 'When I was your age I never wanted to do so and so,' was her constant wail—and it was true. She never had felt as I felt; she never had wanted what I wanted. She never had heard people whisper, 'See that great girl in that babyish frock!' or 'Why doesn't that girl play with children of her own age?' When my mother was twelve years old, she had the bodily development of twelve, the impulses of twelve, the reasoning ability of twelve, the judgment of twelve; when I was twelve years old I had the bodily development of sixteen, the impulses of sixteen—but the reasoning ability and the judgment of twelve."

"Oh, but what shall I do?" I was frightened at her words. I hugged my baby close, as if some instant danger threatened.

"I can't tell you that, exactly. Children differ, you know, even overgrown ones. You will have to work out the details as Eleanor comes along in years. If you will only remember that your girl has her own nature, which is not a duplicate of yours, if you will meet every issue frankly and sympathetically, if you can keep in close touch with her until, to put it in a homely way, her mind catches up with her body, you will wake up some day to find that the struggle is over and that you have a strong, beautiful, well-poised daughter."

COUSIN CLARA went to New York the next week, but her words stayed with me, and my mind turned them over and over, trying to fathom their full significance. But though my baby daughter bubbled over with life and spirits, she was a healthy, normal child, presenting only the usual childish problems for my solution. The only result of Cousin Clara's warning was that I was more patient with her romping noisiness than I naturally would have been, repressing my tendency to say "Be a little lady!" when she ran and danced instead of walking quietly beside me.

She was nearly five years old when I bought her, one Saturday, a white lace bonnet with pink rosettes and

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LOVE IS A WONDERFUL DREAM

A CATCHY SONG IN WALTZ-TIME

Words by HARVEY HATTON Music by NEIL STRATHEMEYER

Vamp.
INTRO.
1. I had a dream, a won - der - ful dream, A vis - ion of love, ev - er fair;.....
2. Far off I see, you dear, and me, My vis - ion of love has come true;.....
I nev - er knew my dream could be true, This vis - ion of love wondrous rare.....
I nev - er thought my dream would be wrought, In col - ors of ra - di - ant hue .....
You are my all, hark to my call Mys - ter - i - ous love fills my heart.....
Hark - en my dear, come to me here, Mys - ter - i - ous love fills my heart.....

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I can't ex-plain them, I still re - tain them, These vis-ions of love ne'er de - part.....
I can't ex-plain them, I still re - tain them, These vis-ions of love ne'er de - part.....
Chorus.
Love is a won - der - ful dream,..... Vis - ions of mys - te - ry sweet;..... Em -
Joy is a beau - ti - ful boat,..... Sail - ing on life's end - less stream,..... I
8va.
1
bra - ces car - ess - ing, your fond love con - fess-ing, All make my ra - di - ant joy com - plete.
2
love you, I love you, I love you,.... Love is a won - der - ful dream.....
8va.
8va.

ANNA BELLE LEE

By NANCY MUSSELMAN SCHOONMAKER

Illustrated by DAVID ROBINSON

ANNA BELLE LEE was not beautiful. And, in spite of what her name may suggest, there was nothing poetic about her. She was just a plain, rather faded individual, alarmingly near middle age. If there had ever been any of the spun gold in her tresses or shell pink in her cheeks, it must have been in the days long, long past. There was no sign of it now. All that was left of the Anna Belle Lee that might have been were the eyes that sometimes burned and shone, and at other times showed a strangely wistful, hungry look. For it is no small thing to live in the world and yet be robbed of life. Forever to look on and yet have no part! Not that she had been inactive. My, no! For, in spite of all that the name stood for in the way of place and property, there had always been plenty to do in the Lee household. Perhaps, that was why Anna Belle had not gotten much out of life. She had been too busy.

Of course, there had been nobody to blame. There never is. When Jim and Mollie and Irene had been enjoying their first flush and rush of social life, it was only natural that a little girl, younger by five years than any of the three, should stand by, a sort of adoring handmaiden, set well aside from the path of life until the older ones had been provided for. By the time they were settled and off, Jim with an office in the city and Mollie and Irene each with an establishment of her own, the twins and Teddy were just ripening into that age when the attention of every responsible person within sight was urgently needed. And Anna Belle had committed the irreparable blunder of being responsible. There you have the root of the whole trouble.

That was why fate had chosen her as the one to stand closest to her mother on the day of her father's death. That was why, even after Teddy and the twins were gone, she had stayed on to keep the home place going, a reserve fund for the wandering members as well as a harbor in which they could gather on those annual homing days. That was why Mollie could trust little Gertie with Aunt Annie and not have her motoring trip through France disturbed by one moment's uneasiness. That was why Jim's boys were so perfectly safe getting the invaluable experience of summers on a farm. That was why Irene's husband was brought down to recuperate from his nervous breakdown. That was, indeed, the whole why of the universe, so far as it touched Anna Belle Lee.

BUT only when moderation is used, is it more gratifying to give than to receive. On this spring day, when earth and sky and sun seemed so athrill with life, Anna Belle Lee felt that she would like nothing in the world so much as herself to be made the recipient of untold gifts, gift of ease, gift of liberty, gift of love, gift of life.

She handed the letter to her mother and passed quietly out of the room. Her eyes lingered a moment on the horizon.

"I'd just like to walk and walk to the end of the earth," she whispered to herself. But, instead, she crossed the lawn and looked over into the garden. She had had more sweet corn than usual put in this year. Growing boys could not get enough of it.

She did not linger long outside. Led by the same thing which had always guided her feet, she soon turned back to the house. In the sitting-room, she found Mrs. Lee all tremulous with the news. And she tried to answer the mother's eager planning with no show of the heaviness that lay on her heart. It would give her a very aged feeling to see Mary, even that child, with a baby. For there had always been much of the maternal in her love for the twins. It would be as though she were a grandmother, she, Anna Belle Lee. But she buried such thoughts in the depths of her heart, and sent a letter back to Mary on the next post, promising her, when she came home in August, the best room in the house and all the care that a sister knew how to give.

Quickly enough now, the days slipped by. It was summer, and all roads led back to the old home place. The boys got down early in June. Anna Belle received them with open arms. They brought with them bathing suits, a whole box of vicious hooks, flies, and spoons, and two new rifles, together with a note from Father to Aunt Annie giving full directions in case of accident. The supplies in the medicine-chest were renewed and Jim's letter pasted up on the inside of the door. Before the month was out, both the remedies and directions had all been tested.

July, beginning with the Fourth, saw every room in the house full. Mollie drove out in her machine to leave Gertie, who needed to fatten up a bit. The child always seemed to do better on the farm than at the shore, though Mollie, of course, would have to run back to where it was cooler. Jim came down with his wife for a fortnight with the boys, and Teddy blew in from the West for an indefinite stay, his last unsuccessful venture having made home look particularly sweet to him. Everybody had come prepared for the Fourth. The day was a glorious one. It was a whole week before the air lost the smell of powder and Gertie got her nerves quieted. The one imperfection about the day had been the absence of Irene and the twins—and Mollie's husband. Mollie had to smile at the suggestion, and at Anna Belle's repeated expressions of regard for that husband, her own feeling for him according more nearly with the awe he inspired in the rest of the family.

BEFORE Jim left, Mrs. Lee told him about Mary and suggested that he take the boys off somewhere else for two weeks in August. Jim showed his annoyance. He muttered something about the girls turning the place into a lying-in hospital, but finally accepted his mother's ruling. Two days before Mary was to arrive, Anna Belle packed the boys off. They were like their father. They were blessed if they could see why the women weren't satisfied to go off to some hotel or something and let a pair of kids alone when they were in heaven.

On the same train with Mary came the letter from Irene. Charlie's vacation would begin Saturday. It was too bad they had to come down at this time, but when your husband is trying to work his way up after an illness of six months, he can not be dictatorial about his vacation. And they could not afford a hotel this year. So they would all just have to do the best they could.

For a full two weeks, Mary hovered between life and death. Day and night Anna Belle watched by the bedside. Eagerly she nursed hope in the young father's breast, when her own heart lay shivering in despair. With such blind courage as she could summon, she received the gift of the child and promised all that was asked of her.

But they were promises of which she was graciously spared the keeping. Unexpectedly enough, Mary began to mend. Slowly they nursed her back to life. The day came at last when she was able to think of taking her baby back to the city. Anna Belle went in with her and spent a fortnight arranging the new apartment out on the hill-top where the mother and baby could have purer air.

And, so far as anybody knew, that was all Anna Belle did that memorable fortnight. Mary testified afterward that there had been nothing unnatural about her behavior and that she had not gotten as much as a block away from the apartment. She had not even seen Mollie and Irene, both of whom happened at the time to be up to their ears in engagements. From dawn till dark, Anna Belle had straightened closets, hung curtains, dragged furniture about, and trained the new maid. So Mary knew she was not to blame.

And, yet, something must have happened during that fortnight.

When Anna Belle got back to the farm, the first thing she did was to write a letter to Mollie saying that Mother would be in to spend a month or so with her.

"And you might as well take your winter things. You never know when it's going to turn cold."

"But, dear, a fur coat in October!"

Mrs. Lee was a little flurried. Anna Belle did not usually take possession of her in this way. The daughter brushed the objection aside with something as near inconsideration as she had ever shown.

"I'll put it in. You may need it before you get back."

Mrs. Lee was puzzled, but she did not protest further. Her last words to Anna Belle were about the Thanksgiving cake.

"Maybe you'd better make two black cakes this year. I'll send out a box of candies for them as soon as I get it, so as to have it fresh."

Afterward, Mrs. Lee, wailing out against herself for having burdened the last minutes with so petty a matter, remembered that Anna Belle had not answered a word.

ANNA BELLE could not be expected to write that first week. Mollie did not realize how busy Anna Belle was. But when the one week lengthened into two and still no word had come, Mrs. Lee thought she would let Mollie ask her husband to 'phone down. Anna Belle never was sick, but it was better to be sure.

An hour or so after Mollie's husband got down to the office, he called up the house with a crisp little message that left Mollie gaping and wide-eyed. She went straight to Mrs. Lee.

"Why, Mother, he says the exchange down at the station tells him your 'phone has been taken out."

Mrs. Lee went pale for a moment, then recovered herself.

"Of course, there is a mistake. Did he ask for Mrs. J. K. Lee's residence?"

"He must have, Mother. But I guess I'll call up, myself, and see."

She did, and got the same answer from the village office, sung out at her as if there were no significance at all in the words.

WHEN things are happening in the family, it is always well to keep your own counsel. But Mrs. Lee thought she could word a telegram so as not to arouse suspicion. Two or three hours later, she had the satisfaction of seeing a telegraph boy veer in toward the front door. Eagerly the little message was ripped open. Mollie staggered as she read it.

"Message to Anna Belle Lee not delivered. P.-O. says party out of town. Left forwarding address. Shall message be forwarded?"

Mrs. Lee knew the worst had happened. What that worst was she had no idea. Nor did she know what was best to do. Mollie 'phoned for Irene and Jim and they

WITH A SHRILL CRY, SHE STRETCHED HER ARMS OUT ACROSS THE TABLE. "ANNIE BELLE! ANNIE!"

came out to talk the matter over. Jim was positively angry. If there was one thing he hated, it was a sensational woman. He said Mollie ought to run down with Mother, at once, in her car, and see what was up. That was the way to find out for sure. Meanwhile, there was no use getting excited. He went back to his office.

It was a trying trip for Mollie—the coldest day of the season, and then Mrs. Lee sniffled all the way down. It made Mollie feel like screaming.

"At least she's not dead, Mother," she snapped out. "They said a forwarding address." But Mrs. Lee only sobbed the harder and declared that death was not the worst trouble in the world.

By the time they turned into the old yard, both women were depressed past words. The chauffeur rounded them up by the front walk and stopped.

A deserted farmhouse on a gray autumn day is not a sight to put cheer into a sinking heart. Every shutter and door closed, giving you the impression of imponderable weights upon them. The chimneys stark and cold and smokeless. Brown leaves blown in little heaps about porch and walk. And silence—dread, insistent silence.

Mrs. Lee just could not get out. And Mollie said there was no use getting her feet damp for nothing. She had the chauffeur go up and ring the bell, a long, long ring. Faintly, from somewhere in the deserted house, the tinkle came back to them. Mollie called to him to try the kitchen door and then the shutters of the dining-room. But everything had been securely fastened. The chauffeur came back, took his seat in front, and respectfully waited for orders. The silence was broken only by Mrs. Lee's weeping.

Mollie stood it as long as she could. "Now, Mother, you will just have to keep still till we decide what to do."

But Mrs. Lee was in no condition to offer suggestions.

Finally, Mollie had to take things into her own hands. She had the chauffeur drive back into the village to the post-office. She got out and went in herself. She asked for the forwarding address of Miss Anna Belle Lee. The pink-cheeked girl at the window smiled at her intimately.

"Oh, you're her sister from the city, ain't you? I know. But that's against the law. We can't furnish addresses to nobody."

Mollie drew herself up. "She's my sister, and I need her address."

The little eyes danced. "I can't do it, Miss. I'm sorry."

MOLLIE swept out of the place. It might have been her husband who snapped out the order to be taken to the station. She sat rigid, motionless, during the short run. The ticket window was closed. Mollie went around to the express office. After five minutes she came back to her mother with a pink spot on either cheek and a new gleam in her eye. She had the car turned back toward the city. Mrs. Lee held in as long as she could.

"Aren't you going to tell me what you found out, Mollie?" she ventured tremulously.

Mrs. Lee felt the look of reproach in Mollie's eyes.

"She's gone to Chicago. She's been gone a week. She bought a ticket straight through."

When Jim heard that, he exploded:

"What on earth does a woman like Anna Belle want in Chicago!"

But that did not help any. Mollie tried to think what to do. And it was she who finally hit upon the plan of writing to Anna Belle and letting that post-office which would not tell forward the letter. She would try to make Anna Belle understand that such conduct really compromises the whole family—besides nearly killing Mother. Provided she cared anything about that. Mollie really was proud of that letter.

When it had been sent off, everybody settled back with a new sense of security. Probably there was nothing to worry about after all. But by the end of the week, when no answer had come, things began to look serious again. Mollie waited two more days, then sent off another letter. This time she registered it. And this time her reproaches were threats. Maybe Anna Belle did not know there were such things as detective agencies. But there were.

Three days later, Mollie received a telegram. It said:

"If you do, you'll be sorry. Tell Mother I'm all right. But I want to be let alone."

It was not even signed.

The reception of the little missive was such as might have been expected. It is necessary to record but one comment. When Mollie showed the telegram to her husband, that formidable husband whom nobody understood, but who yet provided so magnificently for his family, he clicked his teeth together and then grinned.

"Good girl!" he grunted. "Serves you right."

FOR the first time in forty years, there was no Thanksgiving dinner at the old Lee farmhouse. Jim's boys said they would rather have kept right on at school than stick around here in the city and be fed on turkey that tasted as if it had come down from the Queen of Sheba. Jim had hoped that Mollie or Irene would have a family dinner, but they really could not manage with so many people at once. At Christmas, it was even worse. Mrs. Lee went off and just cried to think of what the day had always been. Nobody knew what Anna Belle had been to her. But Mollie said it only showed that the girl never had cared anything about her mother and brothers and sisters, to take herself off like that and deliberately cut all connection with them. So she, for one, did not intend to grieve. If Anna Belle wanted to slip out of their lives, she, for one, was willing. Indeed, she expected to let her Gertie forget there ever had been such a person as Aunt Annie.

But the currents of old habits are not easily changed. With the coming of the spring, the thoughts of everybody, in spite of all they could do, turned again to the old farm, side-glancing to the lost sister. And it was at one of those particular moments when Mollie herself was secretly feeling that she would turn the world upside down to know what Anna Belle was doing, that she was handed the card of a dear friend, just in from a trip across the continent. Mollie's sixth sense told her the call was significant. She was right. Providence, not willing to try Mollie too far, had led the friend back by way of Chicago. In the very thick of State Street, she had come upon Mollie's sister, the demure little one that she had met once here in the city. Not expecting to see any one she knew, the friend had passed right on without noticing, when she felt a hand on her arm. Mollie's first question was:

"Dear, what did she have on?"

The friend's hands went up.

"My dear! It's rare enough to see a woman so perfectly gotten up. So different from what she looked here! No wonder I didn't know her for a minute."

Mollie flushed. Pleasure and chagrin are sometimes curiously blended in our emotions. The friend spared her another question.

"She asked about all of you—almost hungrily, I thought. Little Gertie and Jim's boys and Mary and the baby."

Mollie was a capable woman. Her husband had recognized that. Her reply was a murmur of self-reproach.

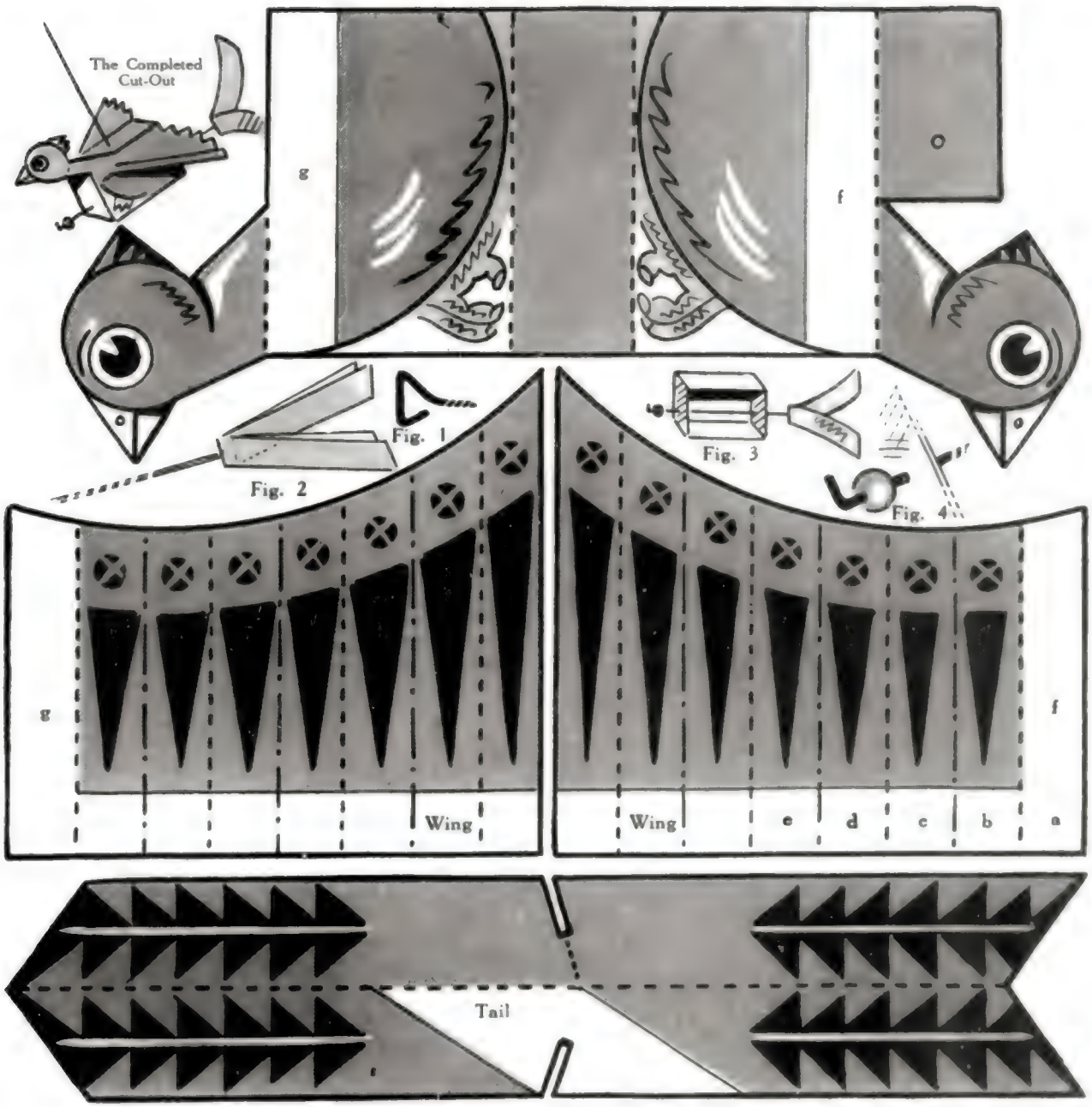
"Perhaps I haven't written as often as I should, this winter."

The friend ambled on.

"She's living at one of those dear, exclusive little hotels, you know, just the place for a woman who wants the best of everything. And she told me she had been there almost six months, such a charming little outing for her. Of course, when you have money, and no children to think of, you can have such a free life."

We can forgive only those sins which we ourselves might have committed. What did Anna Belle want to do it for? Mollie bit that question out to her mother, to her brothers, to her sisters. She made an abstract

[*Concluded on page 81*]



DIRECTIONS.—Cut out bird's head and body, two wings, and tail. Bend back on all dotted lines (- - - - - -) and forward on all dot-and-dash lines (.—.—.—.—). Paste bird's body around cover of a safety-match box, leaving head and neck free. Paste head, but not neck, together. Glue pleats of white border of each wing together, so that they resemble fans, the under side of a to under side of b, under side of c to under side of d, and so on; upper side of b to upper side of c, upper side of d to upper side of e, and so on. Paste end tabs of wings f and g to f and g on body. Paste tail together lengthwise; then fold on dotted line extending from slit. Straighten a hairpin and cut off a four-inch piece. Bend one end (Fig. 1), introduce bent end in slit in tail, and paste tail together to hold hairpin firm (Fig. 2). Bore small hole in each end of slide part of safety-match box, an equal distance from top and bottom, but one-quarter inch from one side. Run hairpin, with tail attached, through these holes (Fig. 3). Slip a bead over projecting end of hairpin and bend tip at right angles (Fig. 4). Curve blades of tail in opposite directions to form propeller. Bore hole through small circle on bird's back, and thread a knotted string through from inside. Now, push in slide part of match-box so that tail projects behind. Then, by swinging bird by string, it will fly and its tail will revolve.

A BIRD THAT REALLY FLIES

A CUT-OUT FOR THE CHILDREN

Designed by A. Z. BAKER

A JAPANESE GARDEN

By GERTRUDE EMERSON

Illustrated by THE AUTHOR

THE house was at the end of a short, bumpy street where a tailor and a *sake* vendor, a sword sharpener, and a seal cutter, and all the Oriental equivalents down to the candlestick maker, lived together in the disordered intimacy of the crowded quarter. You would notice the house possibly, because it is a bit more pretentious than any other in the street, shut off by three granite pillars and a gate, and a narrow walk bordered with camphor-trees. Formerly, you could not have helped noticing the Great Tree that towered up beyond the high board fence to the right of the house, dwarfing even out of proportion all the toy buildings of the neighborhood. That tree sprang from the heart of the Garden.

I remember distinctly the first time I saw the Garden. As I turned the corner past the *geta* shop with the funny wooden clogs of red and black lacquer and unpainted wood hanging in rows, and bumped into Second Street, a long skein of geese went streaming down the upper sky over the Tree, "stretched like Dutch Letters", as they say in Japan, where horizontal writing is still strange enough to touch the imagination. Then I came to the gate, and the camphor-tree walk. The lattice door of the *genkan* slid back with a jingling bell knocking against the bars, and there, beyond the hallway, and on the other side of an eight-mat room entirely open to the outdoors, the Garden hung above the gray roofs of Tokyo.

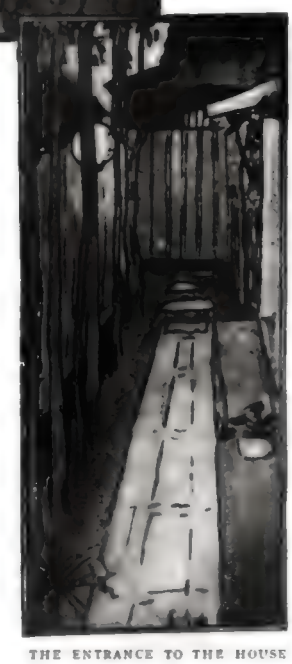
A LITTLE VISITOR TO THE GARDEN

LOOKING OUT OVER VALLEY STREET

It had seemed but late afternoon a moment before on the other side of the fence, but here the twilight had already stepped across the threshold. The colors had not quite ebbed out of the dark glistening leaves of a camellia-tree against the fence; the bare earth was washed over with a coat of green mold, and the vast spreading roots of the Tree were softened under moss. One or two pale faces of late morning-glories looked over a tiny bamboo trellis, and some tall pink chrysanthemums in a blue glaze pot gleamed out from the vague background of trees and bushes. With sudden surprise, you found yourself perched on the sheer edge of a hill—so much so, that a part of the Garden had once fallen off, and a kind of railing of bamboo brush had been built to bolster the rest of it up. You looked across the little triangular floor straight down upon the roofs of a temple compound, and out beyond over Valley Street to the blue shadow of Gate Hill. The lanterns strung along at irregular intervals over the shops were beginning to shine through the dusk, and the street gradually turned into a river of soft, yellow light. Here and there, through the paper window of some house in Shadow Show Land, a man was fanning himself, or a woman combing her hair. In the maples, cicadas shrilled incessantly. Up from the Street came the strange shuffling sound of the many scraping feet, mingling with long-drawn foreign cries. Suddenly, the voice of the temple bell, deep, vibrant, throbbing, set all the echoes calling between hill and hill.

Secluded as I first thought the Garden would be in those early days of my stay in Japan, it very soon proved to be one of the liveliest corners of this universe. All day great, fierce, black crows would come swooping across the valley to perch on the limbs of the cedar outside the upper windows. *"Karasu"*, Miwasan would say with an energy that quite belied the diminutive figure, shaking a duster over the balcony, and she would go on with many grimaces and unintelligible sounds to analyze the *karasu's* vile character for me. Meanwhile, the Crow would utter a hoarse defiant cry, shake his black wings in return, and be off on his endless pilgrimage. Through the fall they used to steal the orange persimmons from the temple garden and figs from the tree at the foot of the hill. Then they came and ate off all the little lace-like leaves of the scarlet maples in the corner by the house. After that, there was nothing for them to eat, and hungrier and fiercer than ever, they knocked their great beaks against the branches, turned their restless black eyes hither and thither, and called and called through the falling snow.

THEN there were the Dorobo Cats, enemies of the crows, and of everything else in the garden. Miwasan kept a bag of pebbles tucked away in the left-hand corner of the desk, and whenever one appeared, especially a short-tailed pirate tom-cat of indescribable dirtiness, she took careful aim, and the luckless animal disappeared precipitously under the fence. *Dorobo*, the epithet usually bestowed with the pebble, I concluded to mean "scat!", but, later, I found it meant a robber. The Original Sin was the stealing of half a chicken one day from the kitchen, a crime for which there was no forgiveness. At first, I was inclined to be sorry for the Dorobo Cat, but when I learned that it was he who fished all the little gold-fish out of the cement basin under the *nauten* berry tree, and devoured them, I



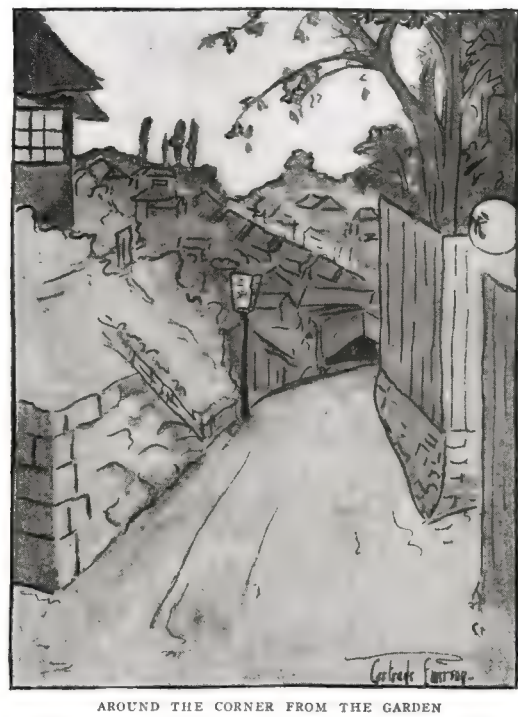
THE ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE

no longer questioned the justice which outlawed him to the upper inaccessible wastes of roof-land.

There was also the White Snake, and it was in connection with him that I learned that the Garden was historic ground. One never saw the White Snake, but he had lived in the hill and brought good luck to the people dwelling there, for many centuries. Once there was a temple built in his honor on the site where the house now stands, and the great warrior, Nita Yoshisada, himself, had come to worship and had planted the Tree in commemoration. When the temple had been moved over to the Street of the River of the Sun, the people had still come to the Garden once a year to hold a festival. The present landlord of the property forbade them only a few years ago to gather there any more, and it was in punishment for this act, the people said, that the Great Tree began to die. Soon after I had come, we noticed that it was turning brown and dropping its needles all over the Garden; as the fall progressed, slowly but surely, death crept from limb to limb, and by the beginning of spring, it stood there gaunt and lifeless. But some said that it was because of the death of the Emperor that the Spirit of the Tree could not endure.

SWEEPING CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

Perhaps I did not put much faith in the sayings of the people, for the facts of history would have made the planting of the Tree by Nita Yoshisada six hundred years old, yet, did I not myself discover, one day when I went on a traveling expedition to the depths of the shrubbery at the back of the Garden, an old stone, in which the characters of the name were deep cut, and two stone basins such as they use in temple grounds to wash out the mouth before praying?



AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE GARDEN

The Garden became more silent, except for the crows and the screech-owls, when the snow came. The thin singing of the mosquitoes that bred by the millions in the broken hollow-topped shafts of tombstones, half-filled with water down in the temple graveyard, was no longer to be heard. The crickets, that had shrilled until the air had screamed with them, had shrilled their lives away and left only the empty shells, in accordance with the Buddhist philosophy. For a long time I thought one survived into the winter, for I used to hear a mournful little shivering cry coming from somewhere in the Garden, but I discovered one day that it came from a brown kite perched way up on the sawed-off top of the dead Tree.

It was not until spring came, and the Tree had to be cut down, and the Garden consequently re-created, that I began to think about any of the principles of garden-making, or to notice, particularly, how different the Japanese gardens are from our own. In the first place, a garden must be designed to represent a mood of nature and man: whether it is a "flat" garden or a "hill-and-water" garden, whether it is in formal, half-formal, or natural style, it must present a distinct "scene". If it is only ten feet square, it must have its sense of perspective; a "mountain" or two in the distance, with "distant" trees such as pines or evergreens; middle distance, with cherries or maples, and a waterfall jutting over precipitous rocks perhaps three or four feet high; foreground, with a river or lake, stones, dwarf trees, and small bushes and flowers. Flowers play a surprisingly small part in Japanese gardens. When a garden is planned, its attractiveness in winter, as well as summer, must be considered. Deciduous trees leave it bare and bleak in the winter season; therefore, four-fifths of the trees in the Japanese gardens consist of evergreens such as laurel, camphor, bamboo, bays, yew, juniper, cypress, or pine. Instead of flowers, bamboo grasses and miscanthus are substituted, red-berried laurel, or the delicate winter-flowering camellia-trees. Frequently, the snow only enhances the charm of the garden, for trees are placed with special reference to "snow viewing". The great hooded stone lanterns which go by the name of "snow scene" lanterns, the mountains and the rocks, break the monotony of the white wastes, and make the garden as beautiful in winter as in any other time of the year.

DOWN OVER THE TEMPLE ROOFS

Like everything else in Japan, gardens are an intricate maze of symbolism; the more you study about them, the less you are likely to understand. Landscape gardening was first fostered as a fine art during the Ashikaga dynasty from 1338 to 1565, but from that time on, generations of artists have been busy refining and elaborating the principles laid down by their illustrious predecessors. There are different schools, of course. In one, the larger trees and hills occupy the foreground, "with the object of exaggerating the perspective and thus making the garden look bigger than it really is"; in others, the opposite method is pursued. All of them, however, depend upon elusive suggestion. A small lake—if it has any islands, there must be three of them—is so adroitly placed as to suggest a hidden portion of greater size than the visible part; where water is inaccessible, water-worn stones, and a dry river-bed of pebbles and sand are sufficient to satisfy the imagination. The water is always supposed to enter from the east, flow south, and then depart toward the west, though I must confess that I never could understand the symbolism of this law.

[*Concluded on page 80*]

CHINTZ HATS AND STRAW FLOWERS

LESSONS IN HOME MILLINERY—NUMBER XXXI

By EVELYN TOBEY

CHILDREN'S hats need never be a problem in the family if a few things in regard to them are well thought out. In the first place, a child's hat should never be made stiff and hard. It would not be practical, as children pull on their hats, give them hard wear, and hang them anywhere when they are not in use. The materials on children's hats ought to be durable and inexpensive. Extravagance in dress does not necessarily improve one's personal appearance. No child should be allowed to wear ostrich feathers, fine laces, or perishable flowers, unless she has a maid to care for her wardrobe. But isn't it true that most mothers are persuaded to buy pink buds, blue forget-me-nots, and white lace hats? These flowers fade instantly, look shabby, and the lace wilts; then, another season, there is nothing left to use.

FIG. 1—TRIMMED WITH THE NEW HAND-MADE STRAW FLOWERS

FIG. 2—FLOWERED CHINTZ HAT FOR WEAR WITH SUMMER FROCKS

FIG. 3—ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SMALL GIRL'S CHINTZ HAT

The hood-shaped hat, which may be worn high on the head or pulled far down, is at present popular for the small girl (Fig. 5). It is made on a crinoline frame and has not one inch of wire on it. The top of the crown and facing of the brim can be made of corded silk of brick-red color, and the side-crown and top of the brim completely covered with overlapped rows of French blue braid about one inch wide. A cunning little wreath of groups of small red, green, and blue flowers crocheted in zephyr encircles the top of the side-crown. These flowers are arranged on a vine made of zephyr, in chain-stitch. Such a hat as this will be the exact copy of a French model that sells for nine dollars in an exclusive children's shop in New York City; yet, any one may duplicate it for one-eighth that price.

To make the frame (Fig. 7), cut a double bias strip of coarse, not heavy, crinoline, five inches wide and long enough to fit easily around the child's head. Fit and seam this band, then stretch the folded edge until it is two inches longer than it was, and turn up this long edge on a line about one and one-quarter inches wide that will stand up and out around the bottom of the brim. For the top of the crown, cut an oval of crinoline that will measure from front to back ten inches, and from side to side nine inches. Fit the edge of this oval over the top edge of the brim, and sew it. Now, fit the silk over the top of the crown and inside the brim next to the hair. Begin at the edge of the brim to sew the braid over the rest of the frame.

This frame can be used for a winter shape, also, if the side-crown is covered with a winter material. It would make an attractive hat if the tip and facing were of material used in this same way, but the side crown covered with rows of pleated, or gathered, narrow ribbon.

For another slightly different form of this hood-shaped hat (Fig. 1), cut a double-bias band four inches wide and long enough to fit the head. After the seam is made, stretch it just a little on both edges to give a flare in the shape. On both edges of this band a light-weight frame-wire is sewed to keep them stretched to the proper shape (Fig. 8).

This wire is bent out, front and back, to give the Scotch cap effect. The oval tip is nine inches long and seven inches wide. The straw braid is sewed in straight lines from front to back on the oval top, and the side crown is covered with horizontal rows of the braid. For trimming a hat of this type, hand-made straw flowers are the latest thing (Fig. 10). The braid is folded in double lengths and the braid at end of each petal is sewed for a distance of about one inch, then just lapped to the center of the flower. The center is made of a coil of the braid, and the vine which connects the flowers is a single strand of braid. The longer you make the petals, the greater number will be required to make the flower look full. When this hat is covered with blue braid, the petals of the daisies made of old rose braid, the centers and vine of tan braid, the effect is very attractive.

THE new flowered chintz hats are unusually dainty and pretty for wear with little summer frocks (Figs. 2 and 3). To make frame (Fig. 9), cut three pieces of crinoline, one for the brim, one for the side-crown, and one for the top. The double bias strip for the brim is three inches wide and twenty-three inches long (or long enough to fit the child's head). After you have fitted this brim and made the seam, shape the lower edge by cutting one inch from the back and slanting this line gradually to the front, where it will remain three inches wide. Stretch this slanting edge to make it "poke" or flare, then sew wire around the top and bottom edges. The top edge, you know, is the original head measurement. For the side-

[Continued on page 55]

FIG. 4—FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS THE HORSEHAIR LACE HAT IS EFFECTIVE

FIG. 5—HOOD HAT, TO BE WORN HIGH OR PULLED DOWN

MONTE CARLO STILL A PLAYGROUND

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT

MA CHÉRIE:—

Here I am at Monte Carlo—and, oh, what a delightful place it is! After the strain of Paris all these months, it seems like some peaceful, happy valley, surrounded by mountains so high and impregnable that war and its alarms are completely shut out. We never even whisper the word here without being frowned upon. I open my windows each morning onto the shimmering blue Mediterranean with the snow-tipped Alps rising above. And what wonderful sunlight! I revel in it like a butterfly, whose wings have been set free by its grateful warmth.

We are really very gay here; Ciro's and the Metropole are closed, but there is the Opera with Caruso for an attraction, and, of course—the Casino. This is in full swing; the croupiers quite as busy as ever raking in little piles of silver—there is no gold. Interesting crowds arrive hourly from Nice and other near-by places. Among them are French, English, Serbs, Russians, and now and then a German. There are some romantic-looking Royalties here, too, as always, losing their money with a fascinating nonchalance. I meet Caruso very often in the gardens, but I do not think his round, jolly face is quite as happy looking as it used to be. I know you are waiting to hear what all these people are wearing; the Royalties, of course, are not all of them to be depended upon for the very latest modes, but once in a while there is one who dresses excellently. The French, Russian, and yes, the English women here—are charmingly dressed, as a rule. Unlike their countrymen, at whom our old song laughs—who would rather be hung than dress *a la mode*—the English women are especially attentive to their dress. In the mornings I see many of the trim little jackets with contrasting skirts such as I am sending you in the sketch. This was a zouave of scarlet gabardine, braid trimmed; the skirt was black-and-white striped taffetas. It was a most becoming costume, and not at all startling under

[*Concluded on page 67*]

6513—6321—6669 Pocket

6325—6682

6479—6678

INTERESTING ADAPTATIONS OF THE LATEST MODES

A Bolero Which May Be Made in an Hour, and a Jumper to Dress Up a Summer Frock

For other views and descriptions, see page 33

FIFTH AVENUE IN AUGUST

ITS SHOPS QUITE AS ATTRACTIVE AS IN LATE FALL OR EARLY SPRING

By THE FASHION EDITOR

OUR Avenue is never quite deserted; the warmest day in August one may see a number of smartly dressed women, who have run into town for a day's shopping, passing up and down, from one attractive window to another. The shops have an irresistible lure for us all; and it is not to be wondered at, this season. I was looking through some pretty neckwear in a blouse shop the other morning when a motor stopped before the door and a charmingly dressed woman stepped out, carrying under one arm a gorgeously colored stuffed parrot. Her frock was dark —a submarine blue taffeta with hat of Georgette crêpe to match, and the parrot was the only note of color in the costume. It was a startling and original way to introduce this necessary touch of bright contrast, but I had to admit that Polly was a wonderfully effective addition to the somber dress. The idea was probably taken from Mrs. Vernon Castle's much-talked-of monkey, which she carried around with her at the races in the late spring. The parrot, however, seemed to me to be a decided improvement over the monkey. Few of us will be inclined to adopt either, but we may bring in a touch of becoming color by tacking one of the vivid little clusters of satin buds, or tiny roses, now so popular, to the girdle or hem of our afternoon or dance dress.

THE shops abound this summer in dainty neck fixings; organdy takes the lead for collars, fichus, and jabots, although, now and then, there is a pretty set of net or chiffon. There is something about the crisp, cool-looking organdy that makes it specially suited to the taffeta and faille dresses. The cotton frocks, too, are not complete without a touch of organdy. Puritan and Quaker collars and the fichu, I think, are the prettiest things we have had for many a summer. High stocks of satin, taffeta, or velvet, in black or dark blue are favored by those who find the open throat trying; these stocks, too, are generally edged with a frill or ruche of organdy. For the woman who would make her own collar, vest, or fichu, there are some wonderfully sheer organdies, edged with hemstitching, embroidery, or lace, which may be purchased by the yard for twenty-five cents and up.

Shoes and stockings are an unending source of pleasure and interest this season; there is such a wonderful variety that no one need go illy shod. When the side- and back-closing boots first came out, one was inclined to think that something had suddenly rearranged the plan of the universe without much warning. Now that we are becoming accustomed to them, however, we wonder why we have always thought that shoes must be buttoned or laced up the front only. The light colors, sand, beige, and pearl-gray, are favored for tailored dresses and suits, both in high boots and low shoes.

At a little dance on the wide veranda of a near-by summer hotel some nights ago, I was greatly surprised to see the number of plain black stockings and slippers being worn with the sheer, filmy dance dresses.

A pretty woman taking tea at the Ritz the other afternoon wore a pair of old-fashioned, fingerless lace mitts; her hands were beautifully cared for, and the effect was charming. To complete the picture, she carried an odd-looking beaded bag exactly like the one our grandmother might have slipped over her slender wrist when Queen Victoria was a girl.

Stockings may be had to match any costume, embroidered in soft colorings, or with beaded designs worked out in turtles, birds, and flowers.

AN OUTING COAT AND A SKIRT FOR TENNIS OR GOLF

An Awning-Striped Waterfall Material Is the Smartest Fabric for These New Coats

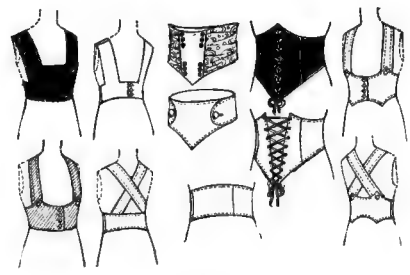
For other views and descriptions, see opposite page

THE DETAILS THAT MAKE UP THE FROCK

And a Host of Hints to the Clever Needlewoman

THE sweater coat for sports is one of the newest ideas of the season. It may be fashioned of silk jersey, the new fabric called Waterfall, or the old-time blazer flannel. And there are any number of other materials that make up well.

No. 6513, LADIES' BOLERO (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires one and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material with one-fourth yard eighteen-inch for collar facing. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-two to forty bust.



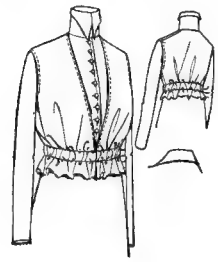
6580

No. 6669, LADIES' YOKES AND POCKETS; Pockets in one size (15 cents).—The pocket in various shapes and sizes is one of the style notes of the season. For the quantities of material, see pattern envelope. Pattern for this set comes in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

No. 6495, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

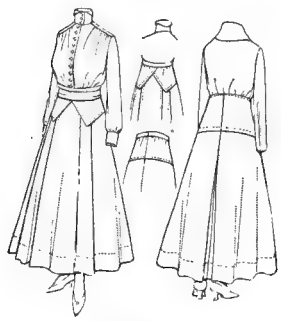
No. 6321, LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires four yards forty-four-inch material. Width of skirt, three and one-eighth yards. Five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

No. 6508, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, with suspenders, requires three and five-eighth yards of forty-inch material. Six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.



6479

6678



6325—6682

6513—6321

COSTUME 6513-6321, medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, four and one-half yards of forty-two-inch material with one-fourth yard eighteen-inch for collar facing.

No. 6325, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and one-fourth yards of forty-inch material. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6682, LADIES' YOKE SKIRT (15 cents).—For material required, see pattern envelope. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.

No. 6479, LADIES' JUMPER WAIST (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires one and one-half yards of forty-inch material for waist, with one yard of forty-inch for jumper. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6678, LADIES' SKIRT (15 cents).—Tunic in two lengths. Size twenty-six, thirty-nine-inch length requires five and three-fourth yards twenty-seven-inch flouncing for tunic, and lower section. In five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

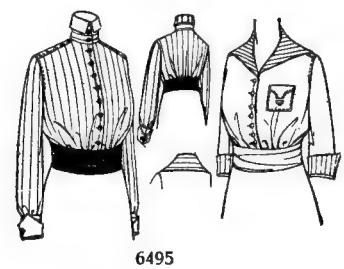
No. 6435, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—For other developments, see small views. Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, six and three-eighth yards thirty-inch material. Five sizes; thirty-two to forty bust.

No. 6580, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUSPENDER BELTS, GIRDLES AND JUMPER (10 cents).—For quantities of material, see pattern envelope. Three sizes; small, medium, and large.

No. 6651, LADIES' SWEATER OR OUTING COAT (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material with two and one-fourth yards of twenty-two-inch contrasting for collar, cuffs and sash. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

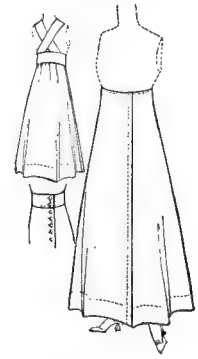
No. 6503, LADIES' SKIRT, TWO-PIECE UPPER AND LOWER SECTIONS (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires two and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Width of skirt, two and seven-eighth yards. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

[*Views of No. 6669 shown on page 38*]



6495

6435



6508

6651

6503

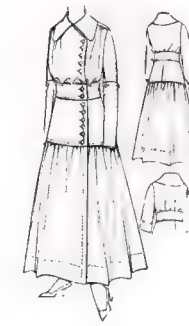
THE TOUCH THAT TELLS ON SUMMER FROCKS

It May Be Only a Suggestion, a Mere Hint of Trimming, If Well-Chosen

TRIMMING ideas for summer frocks are simple, but effective. Smocking is one of the latest fads. Picot-edged ribbon, moire or grosgrain may be easily applied, and makes a most attractive finish for a plain sleeve, a collar, or a jabot.

No. 6663, LADIES' WAIST; TWO STYLES OF QUAKER OR PURITAN COLLAR (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires, of one material, two and one-eighth yards of forty-inch. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6653, LADIES' SKIRT WITH THREE-PIECE UNDERSKIRT (15 cents). Size twenty-six, thirty-six-inch underskirt, three yards, and thirty-eight-inch overskirt, three and five-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Width of skirt, two and five-eighth yards. Five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.



6643

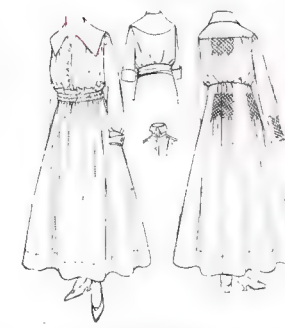
COSTUME 6663-6653 with Pocket 6669, requires three and one-fourth yards of thirty-six-inch plain material, with one and one-fourth yards extra for ruffles, four and three-fourths striped thirty-six-inch and three-eighth yard forty-five-inch organdy.

6663—6653

No. 6677, LADIES' DRESS; THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires four and five-eighth yards forty-inch material, one and one-half forty-inch chiffon, three-eighths eighteen-inch lace and three of ribbon. Skirt's width, three and one-eighth yards. Eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

No. 6661, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—Transfer Design No. 690, (10 cents). Size thirty-six requires two and seven-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6667, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents). Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. Five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.



6661—6667
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

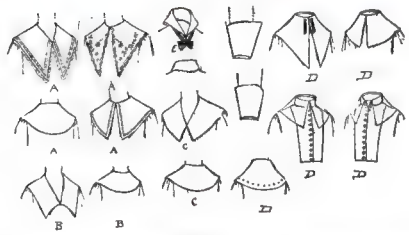
COSTUME 6661-6667 requires, for medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, five and five-eighth yards thirty-eight-inch material with seven-eighth yard of ribbon.

Porch Frock, 6643

[*For other views of No. 6669, see page 38, and for description, see page 33*]

No. 6660, LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS AND CUFFS (10 cents).—Two sizes; large and small.

No. 6643, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS (15 cents).—Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires five yards thirty-eight-inch material, with three-fourths thirty-six-inch contrasting. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.



6660
Transfer Design No. 323 for Scallops, No. 646 for Spray

6677

ORGANDY ADDS TO THE CHARM OF TAFFETA IN MIDSUMMER FROCKS

Uneven Hems, Transparent Sleeves, and a Bit of Smocking, Effective Details

For other views and descriptions, see page 34

SIMPLICITY WARDS OFF SEVERITY WITH A POCKET, A COLLAR, AND A JABOT

Other Effective Aids Are the New Bell Sleeves, an Attractive Girdle, and a Novel Skirt-Yoke

For other views and descriptions, see page 38

6649—6177

6526—6669 Pocket
Transfer Design No 690 for Smocking

6455—6641—6669 Pocket

THE SLEEVELESS OVERBLOUSE POPULAR FOR SUMMER

It Offers Interesting Possibilities for Making Use of a Bit of Material Left from Gown or Suit

For other views and descriptions, see page 38

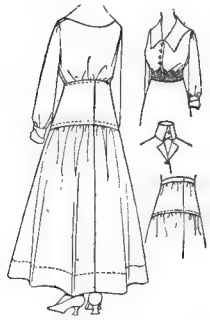
ODDS AND ENDS IN SUMMER FASHIONS

Sleeves, Pockets, a Variety of Collars, and Other Details, Indispensable to the Smart Costume

AN unusually practical maternity skirt is illustrated below in 6641; it is a self-adjusting model suited to one of the soft silks, cottons, light-weight serges, gabardines and like materials. The set of skirt yokes and quaint pockets, Victorian, patch and pouch, may be applied to any frock or suit.

No. 6645, LADIES' WAIST, TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE (15 cents).—Blouse requires for size thirty-six, two and seven-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four-inch bust measure.

No. 6481, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Skirt requires for size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, two and three-fourth yards of forty-four-inch material. Pattern in six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

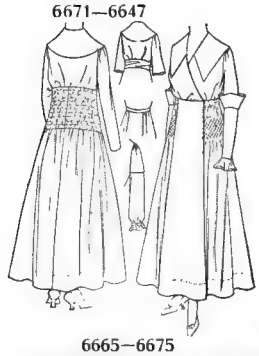


6671—6647

No. 6671, LADIES' SHIRT WAIST, ADJUSTABLE OR FLAT COLLAR (15 cents).—Blouse requires for size thirty-six, two and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6647, LADIES' SKIRT, TWO-PIECE YOKE (15 cents).—Skirt requires, for size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, two and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

COSTUME 6671-6647, as illustrated, requires for medium size, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, three and seven-eighth yards of fifty-inch material with five-eighth yard forty-five-inch contrasting.



6665—6675
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

No. 6665, LADIES' WAIST WITH OR WITHOUT VEST (15 cents).—Waist requires for size thirty-six, two and three-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material. Seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four.

No. 6675, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT (15 cents).—Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents). Size twenty-six requires thirty-eight-inch length, three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material. Five sizes; twenty-two to thirty waist.

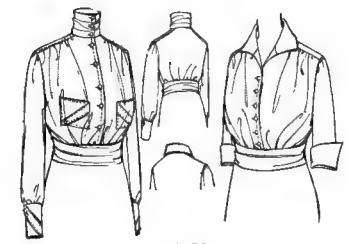
COSTUME 6665-6675 requires, as illustrated, medium size, thirty-eight-inch length, five and one-half yards forty-inch striped material, one-half yard plain thirty-six-inch and five-eighth yard forty-five-inch organdy. For other views and description of Belt 6580, see page 33.

6645-6481

No. 6526, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Transfer 690 for Smocking (10 cents).—Requires, as illustrated, three and five-eighth yards forty-inch material, three-fourth yard forty-inch chiffon, one-half thirty-six-inch silk, and one and one-fourth of ribbon. Width of skirt, three and one-fourth yards. Eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

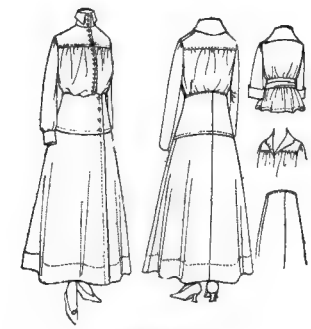
No. 6649, LADIES' WAIST, WITH OR WITHOUT PEPLUM (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and five-eighth yards of forty-inch material. Pattern in five sizes; thirty-two to forty bust.

6526

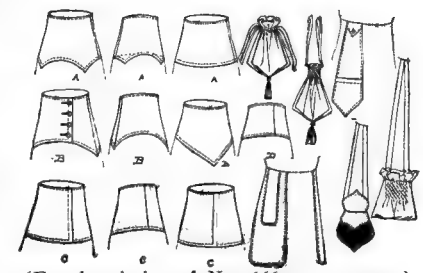


6455

6641



6649—6177



(For description of No. 6669 see page 33)
6669
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

No. 6177, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT, WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, round length, requires of forty-four-inch material, two and five-eighth yards. Pattern in seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four waist.

COSTUME 6649-6177, as illustrated, requires, medium size, round length skirt, four and one-fourth yards of fifty-inch material with seven-eighth yard twenty-two-inch silk.

No. 6455, LADIES' WAIST, ADJUSTABLE COLLAR (15 cents).—Size thirty-six requires two and three-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6641, LADIES' SIMPLE OUTLET MATERNITY SKIRT (15 cents).—Size twenty-six, thirty-eight-inch length, requires four and five-eighth yards of forty-two-inch material. In six sizes; twenty-two to thirty-two waist.

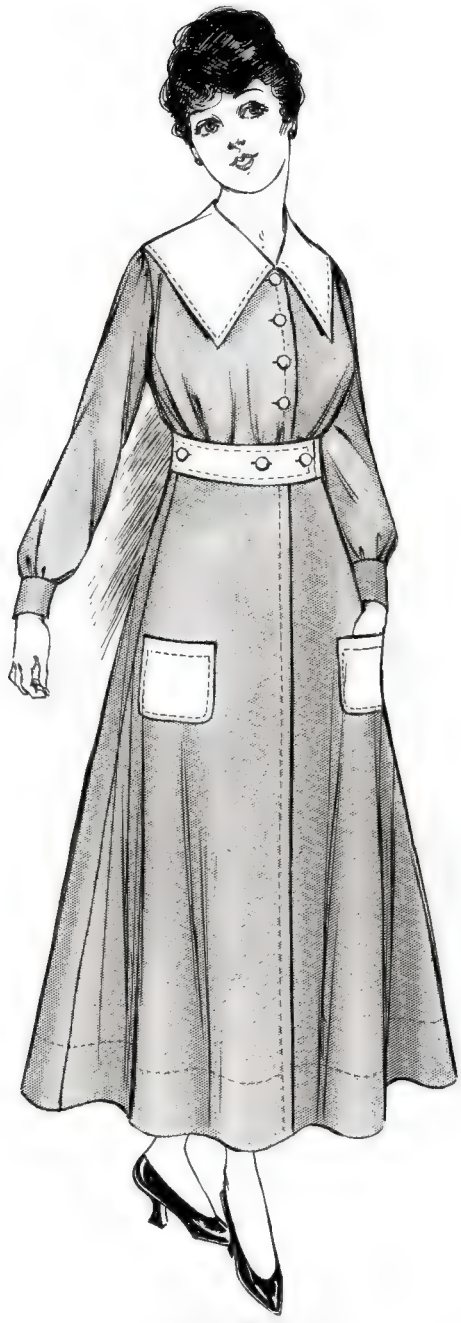
WELL-DESIGNED FROCKS FOR LARGE WOMEN

Normal Waistlines, Smooth Hips, and a Variety of Sleeves and Collars, Becoming Features

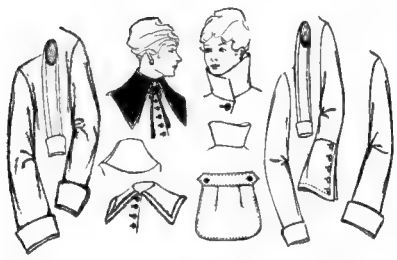
For other views and descriptions, see page 40

THE NEW PANTALETTE UNDERSKIRT

A Comfortable Notion for the Out-of-Door Dress



Pantalette Frock 6655



6640

LONG, smooth lines have always been the designer's aim for large women; this season finds them favored by slender and stout alike. Striped materials, too, the stout woman's delight, are strong in favor this summer; there are striped silks, striped linens and cottons. The stripes range from a hairline to the wide awning stripe, so popular for blouses, in crêpe de Chine and voile. Striped taffetas are most becoming and the striped linens are coolness itself.

No. 6511, LADIES' WAIST (15 cents).—One attractive feature of this blouse is the adjustable collar and vest cut in one piece. It would make up well in crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth or soft satin. Waist requires, for size forty-two, two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material with one and one-eighth yards of same width for vest and collar. Pattern in six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6429, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—This skirt may be made with a high or a regulation waistline. It is a good model for serge, gabardine, satin or the much-favored taffeta. Skirt requires for thirty-two waist, thirty-eight-inch length, four and five-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material. Width of skirt, three and three-fourth yards. In seven sizes; twenty-two to thirty-four.

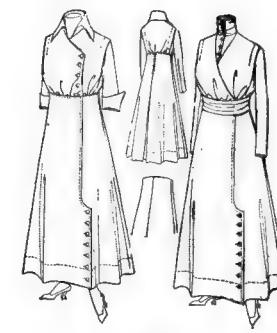
No. 6461, LADIES' DRESS WITH CHEMISETTE (15 cents).—A four-gored skirt which may be made with an inverted pleat or habit back; a high or regulation waistline. Size forty-two, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, requires four and one-quarter yards of fifty-inch material with three-eighth yard of forty-five-inch for collar and cuffs. In seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6507, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; SIX-GORED SKIRT (15 cents).—A dainty frock for striped linen, cotton crêpe, or voile. High or regulation waistline as preferred. Dress requires, for size forty-two, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, five yards of thirty-six-inch material with one and one-eighth yards of twenty-seven-inch for collar, cuffs, belt and pockets. Width of skirt, three and one-half yards. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

No. 6655, LADIES' OUTING OR WORK DRESS; WAIST CUT WITH OR WITHOUT PANTALETTE UNDERSKIRT (15 cents).—The pantalette underskirt is a decidedly new and interesting novelty; one of the few really practical ideas evolved this season. This dress requires, for the thirty-six size, with pantalettes, nine and one-eighth yards of thirty-inch material with one of contrasting. Width of skirt, two and five-eighth yards. In eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

No. 6640, LADIES' COAT COLLARS, SLEEVES AND POCKET (10 cents).—For materials, see pattern envelope. Three sizes; small, medium, and large.

6511—6429



6461

6507

6655

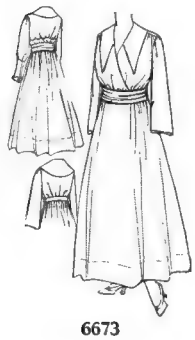
Dress 6517

Victorian Pocket
Dress 6673

Dress 6659

DISTINCTIVE STYLES IN ONE-PIECE DRESSES

SO simple is the summer mode, attractive dresses can be made from inexpensive materials. Mercerized cottons and ratines make trim white dresses, while tub frocks were never prettier than in the smartly striped ginghams now on the market. Even a silk frock need not be expensive, for a good quality of taffeta is sold for 79c a yard.



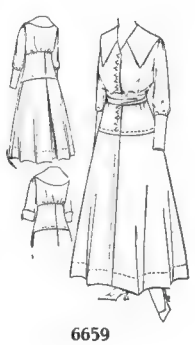
6673

No. 6517, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Here mercerized cotton is used. Size thirty-six requires, made of one material, skirt thirty-eight inches long, five yards thirty-six inches wide. Skirt's width, three yards. The pattern may be had in eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

6517

No. 6673, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—A Victorian pocket gives the old-time look. Size thirty-six requires, thirty-eight-inch skirt, four and three-eighth yards thirty-eight-inch figured and seven-eighth yard twenty-seven-inch plain silk with one-half yard thirty-inch linen. Skirt's width, three yards. Six sizes; thirty-two to forty-two bust.

No. 6659, LADIES' DRESS (15 cents).—Striped gingham is effective in this design. Size thirty-six, thirty-eight-inch skirt length, five yards thirty-six-inch striped and five-eighth yard forty-five-inch plain material. Skirt's width, three and one-fourth yards. Eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.



6659

FROM SUN-UP TO

With the Young Girl of Midsummer

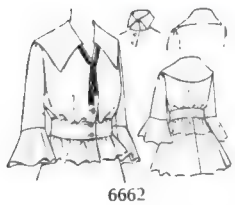
STRANGE to say, young girls' dresses show some distinctly new features in the midseason. The man-fashion suspender is a really smart addition to serge skirts. There is a growing tendency toward trimming skirts, especially in dance frocks. They are caught up at the sides, shirred or scalloped.

No. 6648, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents). — Showing one of the new pointed hems. Size sixteen requires seven and one-eighth yards forty-five-inch net. Skirt's width, two and one-fourth yards. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty.

6648

Dress 6448

Waist 6662
Suspender
Skirt 6668



6662

No. 6448, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size sixteen, four and one-eighth yards thirty-six-inch material. Skirt's width, two and one-half yards. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6662, MISSES' WAIST (15 cents).—Size sixteen, one and three-fourth yards forty-inch material. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6668, MISSES' STRAIGHT BOX-PLEATED SKIRT (15 cents).—Size sixteen, six yards thirty-six-inch goods. Skirt's width, three and seven-eighth yards. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6506, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

6506

6668

6448

Dress 6506

Tulip Dress 6648

CANDLE-DOWN

Through Her Round Pleasures

IN the evolution of fashion, the garden smock loses its length and appears as a smart college smock for the active, outdoor girl. Nor is fashion content with this fancy alone, she decrees a cretonne skirt to go with it. Oftentimes, too, the skirt material serves as trimming for the smock, making a complete costume.

6502

No. 6676, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size sixteen, skirt, three and three-eighths, waist, one and three-eighth yards forty-inch material. Skirt's width, two and seven-eighth yards. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

Dress 6502

The New College Smock 6680
Skirt 6356
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking.

6680
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

No. 6502, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Size sixteen, five yards thirty-six-inch material. Skirt's width, two and seven-eighth yards. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

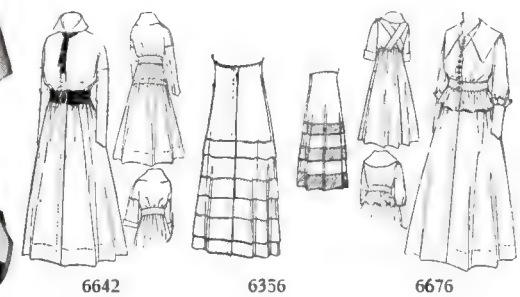
No. 6680, MISSES' AND GIRL'S SMOCK OR MIDDY (10 cents).—Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).—For material required, see pattern envelope. Eight sizes; six to twenty years.

No. 6356, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT (15 cents).—Size sixteen, two and three-eighth yards forty-four-inch material. Four sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

No. 6642, MISSES' DRESS (15 cents).—Of one material, size sixteen, six yards thirty inches wide. Sizes; fourteen to twenty years.

Suspender Dress 6676

Dress 6642



6642 6356 6676

The New Quaker Collar
Dress 6666

Dress 6646
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking
No. 400 for Braiding

Dress 6674
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

Suit 6672
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

FOR THE LAST DAYS OF SUMMER

Broad Collars and Bits of Smocking, the ments Designed

NO. 6666, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Transfer 690 (10 cents).—Size ten, four yards thirty-inch plaid material. Five sizes; six to fourteen years.

No. 6646, CHILD'S SMOCK DRESS (15 cents).—Transfers 690 and 400 (10 cents each).—Size six, two yards thirty-six-inch material. Five sizes; two to ten years.

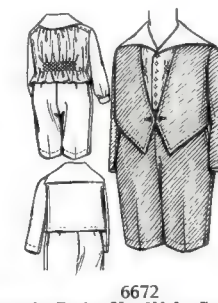
No. 6674, CHILD'S DRESS, SMOCKED OR SHIRRED (15 cents).—Transfer No. 690 (10 cents).—Size six requires one and one-fourth yards for blouse and one and five-eighth yards for skirt of material thirty-six inches wide. Pattern comes in five sizes; two to ten years.

No. 6672, BOY'S SUIT (15 cents).—Transfer No. 690 (10 cents).—For material required, see pattern envelope. Four sizes; two to eight years.

6666
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

6646
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

6674
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking



6672
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking.

Boy's Smock and Straight Trousers 6658
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking.

Romper 6650

Dress 6656
Transfer Design No. 318 for Scallops

Dress 6644

AND THE FIRST DAYS OF SCHOOL

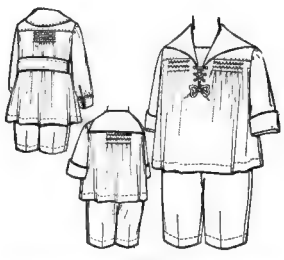
Mediums Employed to Diversify the Gar- for School

No. 6658, Boy's Smock with Knee Trousers (15 cents).—Transfer No. 690 (10 cents).—Shown in kindergarten cloth. Size six, two and one-half yards plain and one and one-half yards striped twenty-seven-inch material. Pattern comes in four sizes; two to eight years.

No. 6650, Child's Romper (10 cents).—Size four, of one material, two and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide. Three sizes; two to six years.

No. 6656, Child's Dress (15 cents), Transfer 318 (10 cents).—Size six, two and one-fourth yards thirty-six-inch material. Four sizes; one to six years.

No. 6644, Girl's Semi-Princess Dress (15 cents).—Size ten, one material, four and three-eighth yards thirty inches wide. Five sizes; six to fourteen years.



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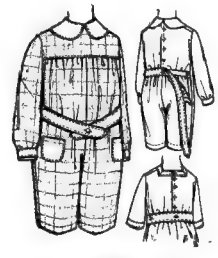
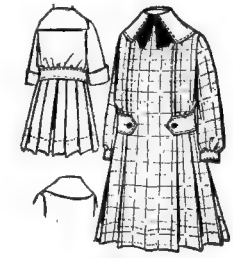


6650

6656



6644

The Hook-on Pocket Dress 6654
Transfer Design No. 690 for Smocking

Empire Dress 6494

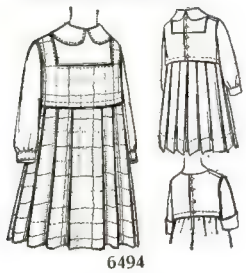
Suspender Dress 6458

Shirred Dress 6484

WAISTLINES VARY IN JUNIOR DRESSES

Now Low, and Now High, Governed Solely by the Style That Is Most Becoming to the Girl

6654
Transfer Design No. 690



6494

A BIT of smocking, a swinging pocket, shirring, and suspenders, are details that give style to the junior girl's dress.

No. 6654, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Transfer Design No. 690 (10 cents).—Linen is the fabric used. Size ten, three and one-half yards thirty-six-inch material. Pattern comes in five sizes; four to twelve years.

No. 6494, GIRL'S EMPIRE JUMPER DRESS (15 cents).—Size twelve, two and one-eighth yards twenty-eight-inch flouncing, seven-eighth yard eighteen-inch allover, five-eighth yard forty-inch batiste. Five sizes; four to twelve years.

No. 6458, GIRL'S DRESS (15 cents).—Size twelve requires three yards of thirty-six-inch cretonne and one and five-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch linen. Five sizes; four to twelve years.

No. 6484, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS (15 cents).—Organdy and Valenciennes lace are pictured in this design. Size twelve requires four yards of forty-inch material. Pattern comes in five sizes; six to fourteen years.

6458

6484

HELPFUL SUGGESTIONS FOR WOMEN WHO SEW

6681

6679

Some Simple Underwear, a Dainty Negligee and a Hint or Two for Children

COTTON crêpe in white or soft shades of pink and blue, is highly practical for every-day underwear, nightgowns and the like. It is cool, wears and washes well, and requires no ironing. A simple scalloped edge; a buttonholed eyelet or two, to run a ribbon through, or a simple design worked out in mercerized floss, is quite trimming enough for these garments. A good wearing lace for simple underwear is linen Cluny; this is pretty and inexpensive. The wide, embroidery flouncings which come in all widths, make attractive underbodices.

6657

6652
Transfer Design No. 632

No. 6681, LADIES' COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT (15 cents).—Consists of a corset cover and circular or envelope drawers. Size thirty-six requires two and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material with seven and one-half yards of edging and three-quarter yard of beading. Pattern in eight sizes; thirty-two to forty-six bust.

No. 6679, LADIES' EMPIRE KIMONO OR NEGLIGEE; SMOCKED OR GATHERED (15 cents).—May be developed in size thirty-six with five and one-half yards of thirty-six-inch material and two and three-fourth yards of the same width for ruffles. Width of skirt, two and three-fourth yards. Pattern in seven sizes; thirty-two to forty-four bust.

No. 6670, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT (10 cents).—Consists of an envelope chemise and a circular petticoat, which may be omitted. For a child of eight, requires two and one-eighth yards of thirty-six-inch material with five and one-fourth yards of edging. Pattern in seven sizes; two to fourteen years.

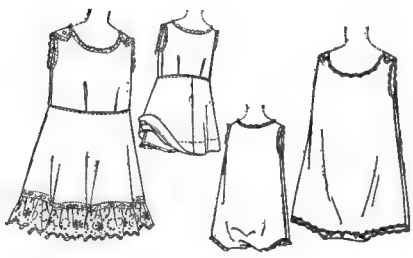
6681

6657

No. 6657, LADIES' COMBINATION ONE-PIECE CORSET COVER AND PETTICOAT (15 cents).—A good design for flouncing. Size thirty-six requires one and one-half yards thirteen-inch flouncing for corset cover, two and three-fourth yards of forty-inch goods for thirty-seven-inch length skirt, and seven-eighth yard beading. Width of skirt, two and three-fourth yards. Five sizes; thirty-two to forty bust.

No. 6652, MISSES' AND GIRLS' ONE-PIECE NIGHTGOWN (15 cents).—Transfer Design No. 632 for Scallops (10 cents).—An excellent model for cotton crêpe. Size sixteen requires four yards of thirty-six-inch material. Width at bottom, two and three-fourth yards. Pattern in four sizes; six to twenty years.

No. 6664, INFANT'S SET (15 cents).—Nainsook, fine muslin, or cotton voile could be used to develop this set. Consisting of dress, petticoat, pinning blanket, Gertrude slip, wrapper and one-piece kimono in two lengths. For quantity of material required for each garment, see pattern envelope. Pattern in one size only.



6670
Transfer Design No. 632

6679
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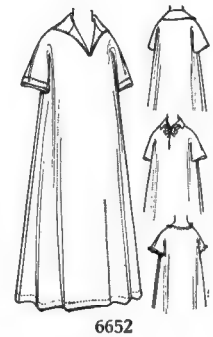
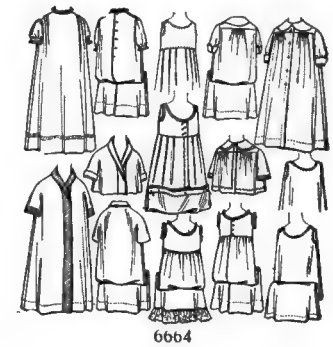
for Smocking



6652



6664

A HOSPITAL FOR QUEER PATIENTS

HOW NEW YORK WOMEN TAKE CARE OF THE CITY'S ANIMALS

[*Concluded from page 15*]

The windows are well-screened, so there are no flies to harass the sick animals or to carry infection to people outside, and the heavy shades can also be raised or lowered for the comfort of the animals on dull or hot days.

The third floor of the dispensary is given over to the general and contagious cat and dog wards. Each kennel has a sanitary cot and drinking fountain. The canvas cots are for purely sanitary reasons, to keep the animal clean, thus precluding the possibility of infection to wounds. Dogs affected with mange or any contagious disease are kept in the ward set apart for them. Their cots are scrubbed, aired, and sunned daily. There are endowment cages which may be taken in memory of some favorite cat or dog, at which one does not marvel when we pause to think of Bum, the recent dog hero, who ran into a burning building and rescued two children; or Jim, the great Dane, who saved his master, Dr. Galpin, from asphyxiation; or Teddy, who jumped into the Hudson and pulled out two children. And there are many other dog heroes in the world!

Up on the roof a mother cat is sunning her little family, the latter including a puppy whom she jealously guards. A neighborhood boy found a litter of puppies in an ash-barrel where they had been thrown by some cruel person. He had heard of the Free Animal Dispensary where animals were destroyed humanely; so he gathered up the batch of puppies in his hat and brought them to the hospital. By the time he arrived, all were dead, except one, which was given to the mother cat on a venture. She adopted the puppy at once, and from that day on, has seemed as fond of it as of her own kittens. The roof is used as a convalescent ward where all the animals that are not too ill, horses included, come for their daily sun bath.

One of the most practical things done by the League is the maintainance of watering-stations throughout the city. Each station is provided with an attendant, and individual porcelain-lined drinking-pails take the place of the old unsanitary troughs. In cases of glanders, or other infectious diseases, the ailment is not so apt to be communicable to other horses as when all the horses drank from a common trough. In July and August, each year, about one thousand horses are watered daily at each of the stations, and even in December the daily average is eight hundred. Nor is it necessary, nowadays, to tell the drivers to remove bits, for they have learned this lesson.

These stations are not only important missionary centers for the distribution of free literature relative to the proper care of horses, but also for giving poor drivers open bridles, humane bits, and fly-nets without charge, in the summer-time and in winter, non-slipping emergency chain shoes and blankets. At the hospital, where they are also given away, there is an attendant always on hand to assist the driver in adjusting them.

Many horses unfit for work are bought from cruel owners, as in the case of old Bill, who was mercifully put to sleep. Bill had been used as a delivery horse by a grocer for thirty years. On selling out, the new and progressive owner found Bill too slow, and he was about to sell him to a renting-out stable, when the League heard of it, and gave old Bill his well-earned rest. He is only one of many that have been rescued from such a fate.

Cruel drivers are warned and punished when persistent in their abuses; sick animals are cared for; unwanted cats and dogs are called for and either provided with homes or mercifully put to sleep. Complaints are investigated; horses are shod; drivers are induced to give up cruel whips like that of the black-snake variety; harnesses are repaired for poor drivers, and often, at night, extra teams are put on hills to aid overloaded, worn-out horses.

One of the most practical preventive measures of the League is to prepare a map of Manhattan and Brooklyn marking all the dangerous places for horses in the winter time. This map is given to the Commissioner of Street Cleaning and with his cooperation sand boxes are placed on these steep inclines. The Horse Committee also places printed notices in cabs asking passengers to see that horses are blanketed during waits. The members distribute pamphlets in every livery stable urging drivers to carry a pair of chain emergency shoes in slippery weather. Every ferry line is visited with these pamphlets.

The hospital is the headquarters for humane talks to neighborhood children, and a lecturer is employed by the League, who gives, in an itinerary including the public schools of New York, Brooklyn, many New York and New Jersey towns, and several clubs and settlements, a series of six illustrated lectures on the humane treatment and care of animals. Afterwards, prizes are given to the children who write the best compositions on the subjects covered by the lecturer.

During the summer, temporary "Shelters" are maintained for small animals in some of the down-town parks. These are great educational centers, since adults, as well as children, who have learned of the humane way of caring for animals, pick up stray cats and dogs and bring them to one of the "Shelters". Last season ten thousand stray, diseased, crippled, and unwanted cats and dogs were brought to the Shelters. If not called for within twenty-four hours, the animals are carried away in ventilated cages and destroyed humanely. One of the ideas of the Dog and Cat Brigade is to raise the funds to carry on the work for less fortunate animals. Animals who have good homes are registered by the League for a dollar a year membership, and the owner given a little contribution box in which to collect funds.

The crowning event of the year for the League is the Work-Horse Parade which takes place on Memorial Day. The parade is led by the mounted police, followed by the Fire, Street-Cleaning, Park, and Health Department horses, and followed by the hundreds of old faithfuls who have stood the stress of many winters on hard city pavements.

For months in advance of the parade, the drivers work overtime to put their horses in the best of condition, and the comradeship between man and beast, and the lesson it implies, is not lost on those who are simply onlookers.

No entry fee is required, its only object being to improve the condition and treatment of horses by inducing owners and drivers, and the public generally, to take more interest in their welfare. A horse that is docktailed, lame, thin, galled, or out of condition is excluded from the parade. Every horse thought worthy is awarded a liberal cash prize. Each blue-ribbon winner receives a brass medal as a permanent ornament for the harness. The value of a horse does not count so much as his condition; and age actually counts in his favor. Docile and gentle manners are indications, in the eyes of the judges, that the horse has been kindly treated. The "Old Horse" and the "Veteran Drivers" are in a class by themselves.

This is only a small part of the work done by the League, but to record it all—the visits to stores where birds and small animals are sold, to look after their welfare; to stables to see that the stalls are kept clean and sanitary—would take too long. The hospital alone is evidence enough of the wide humanity of New York's women.

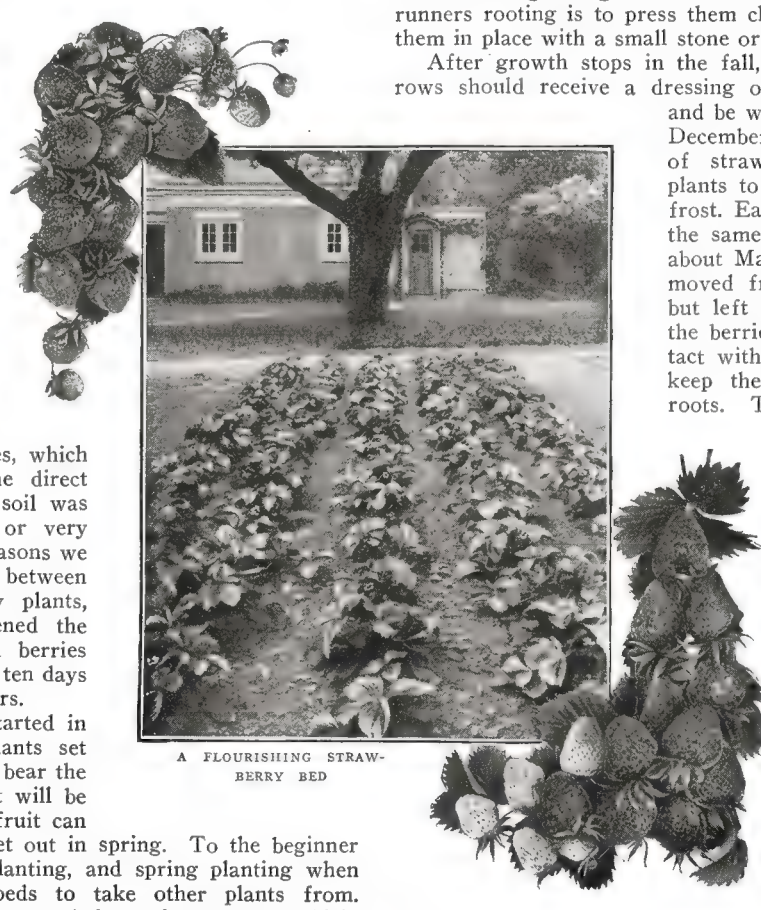
STARTING THE STRAWBERRY BED

HOW TO GROW THE BERRIES FOR MARKET OR HOME USE

By KATE V. ST. MAUR

IF one lives anywhere near a market, strawberries are one of the most profitable fruits that can be grown, either on a large or small scale, and, even if only the home table is to be considered, they make a very happy adjunct to the garden.

There are a great many varieties to choose from, but I think it is best to restrict selection to the old established kinds: the Marshall for first early, the Glen Mary for midseason, and the Gandy for late gathering. As some varieties, however, do better than others in a certain locality, it is advisable to consult old residents in the neighborhood, and the nurserymen from whom plants are ordered.



A FLOURISHING STRAWBERRY BED

Light, sandy soil, sloping slightly to the south, will produce the earliest berries, but slightly heavier soil and a more northerly exposure produces a better fruit in midseason. Our beds all slope to the south, but the late varieties are slightly shaded by a row of young pear trees, which protects them from the direct rays of the sun. The soil was neither very sandy or very heavy; so for several seasons we scattered fine coal-ashes between the rows of the early plants, which materially lightened the soil, and we have had berries each season from five to ten days earlier than our neighbors.

New beds may be started in the fall or spring. Plants set out in the early fall will bear the following season; but it will be a full year before any fruit can be expected on plants set out in spring. To the beginner I recommend August planting, and spring planting when there are established beds to take other plants from.

Strawberries are propagated from the runners, which, under natural conditions, shoot out from the parent plants, and, taking root, develop individual crowns But the up-to-date nurseryman has taken to sinking into the beds small pots filled with rich earth; then, by lifting the ends of the runners on to the pots, the roots of the young plants develop within the pot instead of on the ground, and can later in the season be removed without any check to growth.

Pot plants are slightly more expensive than layer plants, but are worth the price when time is an object.

The ground should be thoroughly prepared by digging and raking until it is in a fine, fibrous condition. Mark off rows four feet apart. When the plants are received, unpack and water copiously, and leave in a shady place for twenty-four hours. Then, make a hole with a trowel a little larger than the pot in which the plant has been growing, fill about half full of water, and, if the plants have been delivered in the pots, loosen the soil carefully by pushing a small stick through the drain hole and turning the pot upside down. Slip out the ball of earth, put it into the hole, and fill in with the loose earth.

Plants should be set two feet apart in the rows. If they are strong and healthy specimens, growth will start almost immediately. Go carefully through the rows in about two weeks' time, when they will have commenced to throw out runners. We never allow more than four for each plant, and those are trained to root as nearly as possible before and behind and on each side of the parent plant, which makes a solid row about twenty-seven inches wide at the end of the growing season. The best way of insuring runners rooting is to press them close to the soil, holding them in place with a small stone or handful of earth.

After growth stops in the fall, the space between the rows should receive a dressing of commercial fertilizer and be well spaded over. About December first spread a mulch of straw or leaves over the plants to protect them from the frost. Early the following spring the same work is repeated, and about May first the mulch is removed from around the plants, but left on the ground to keep the berries from coming in contact with the earth, and also to keep the soil moist about the roots. The beds must be kept free from weeds at all times.

After the crop has been gathered, a few runners are allowed to develop and are rooted in pots, to be used in establishing new growth later in August. We always put out six new rows each season and demolish six old ones, as young plants yield more and better fruit than old ones. For market the culture cannot be so careful, because the size of the beds will necessitate the use of horse cultivation. What is more, pot plants cost too much.

A successful market grower near me practises the following method: The ground from which early potatoes have been harvested is sown with oats and rye, and when the crop is removed the following summer, the ground is plowed, harrowed, and marked off in rows four feet apart, and plants taken from the field set out the year before.

About August, a man goes through the rows and covers the tips of the runners with a little soil, to hold them to the ground. This work is usually done by a man's foot and a hoe; then, after growth stops in the fall or before it starts the following spring the young plants formed from the runners are severed from the parent plant and taken up. This is accomplished by running a one-horse plow along the outside of the rows to cut the runners and throw out the plants, so making it easy for a man to go

[*Concluded on page 82*]

THE OVERGROWN GIRL

HOW ONE MOTHER MET THE PROBLEM

[*Concluded from page 19*]

broad pink ties. I brought it out proudly on Sunday morning, and bent to adjust it. To my astonishment, she pushed my hands away and flung the bonnet to the floor.

"I won't have it!" she stormed, with a stamp of her sturdy foot. "I don't want a baby bonnet, I want a hat like Marcia's."

"Why, Eleanor!" I gasped, aghast at such unusual naughtiness, "it is a pretty bonnet. Little girls only four years old do not wear hats. Marcia is seven, you know."

"I'm most five, and I'm as big as Marcia, and I'm not a baby. I want a hat—I won't wear a baby bonnet!"

My motherly dignity rose promptly to the occasion. "Won't" was not a word to be tolerated. There was a stormy session, and a very red-eyed little Eleanor went to her Sunday-school class, wearing the despised bonnet. I felt grieved, but virtuous—had I not won obedience?

But my complacency received a shock as we passed out the door, after Sunday-school was over. Behind me, came the whisper of a stranger's voice.

"Look at that great girl in a baby's bonnet! Why can't people dress children suitably? She looks ridiculous."

For an instant my heart seemed to stand still. Then, across the years, Cousin Clara's voice came: "She never had felt as I felt; she had never heard people whisper, 'See that great girl in that babyish frock!'" Was the problem of the overgrown girl crowding upon me before Eleanor's babyhood was over? I breathed a prayer of gratitude that the whisper had reached my ears, instead of my daughter's.

At bed-time, when Eleanor was cuddled in my arms, her troubles of the morning forgotten, I asked her: "Does my little girl really want to wear a hat like Marcia's?"

"Yes. I play with Marcia and the other big girls all the time. They say I ought to wear a hat. They don't want to play with babies that wear bonnets."

Her lips trembled. I hastily asked another question.

"Why don't you play with Marjorie and Marion? They are just as old as you."

"But they're little, wee girls. I'm too big to play with them; folks all the time laugh at me."

From the tumult of my thoughts a decision suddenly crystallized. I kissed the child almost fiercely.

"You shall have a hat, dear," I said. "But will you remember this? Whenever you want anything, no matter what it is, come and tell Mother about it nicely, so that I will understand? You see, if you hadn't been naughty this morning and kicked and said 'won't', we wouldn't have had all that trouble. Mother wants you to be happy. Will you tell me always what you want and why?"

"Yes," with a sleepy hug. She was off to dreamland, but I sat beside her for a long time, looking into the future, and it seemed as if Cousin Clara's voice was actually audible in the room, "Keep close to her!" Could I do it?

I knew that Cousin Clara's girlhood had been a stormy one. I remembered hearing her mother—a fragile, dainty woman—say pitifully to my own mother: "If only Clara would confide in me as your daughter does in you. But she never tells me a thing. If it wasn't for Mrs. Morgan I couldn't do one thing with her—that woman, a perfect stranger as you might say. Mrs. Morgan was a large, handsome woman and must have been an overgrown girl herself, I decided. That was why she had understood Cousin Clara so well.

That night I wrote to Cousin Clara for the first time in four years. Her answer came promptly.

"Don't be afraid," she wrote. "The whole problem is made possible of solution when you realize that it is a problem. What brings distress and even tragedy is the fact that most mothers will not admit or cannot perceive that the overgrown girl has a special need, by reason of her overgrownness. A mother wants her girl to 'be like other girls'—and nature has made that an impossibility.

"To be specific, as you begged me to be, is harder, but I will do my best. In the first place, keep your girlie busy with wholesome work and play. See that she has abundance of hearty physical exercise. When she wants to run and jump and climb trees, see that she has a chance to do all those things, under right conditions.

"Then, when she comes to that fearfully trying period when she wishes to enter into physical combat with every one, when she wishes to wrestle and box and romp with girls and boys alike, try to do something besides hold up your hands in utter horror. She can't help it—it is a superabundance of animal spirit in her, trying to work itself off in these violent ways. It is a period she has to go through. You never went through it, neither did my mother—but *I* did. Get Eleanor some boxing-gloves and make her father box with her, if she has no brothers big enough by that time. Send her to a gymnasium, to work off her exuberance with other girls. Indiscriminate romping must be checked, of course, but as you value your daughter's sane, healthy attitude of mind, check it by substituting wholesome legitimate exercise, and beware of remarks which will lead to morbid curiosity and abnormal self-consciousness.

"When she begins to want boy callers, do not exclaim, aghast, 'The idea! you're only twelve years old!' Let her bring her friends home and find them welcome, at any time. Make her companionships healthy and normal by meeting her friends, boys or girls, frankly and cordially. Home must be the happiest place in all the world, and Mother the jolliest companion. It is not meeting boy friends on the piazza with Mother coming out with a pitcher of lemonade and a plate of cookies to join in the fun, which hurts a girl. No matter what her age is, nothing can harm the girl with whom Mother is in close touch. Do you think I ever would have attempted that runaway marriage when I was only fifteen years old, if my mother had been my closest confidant? It was Mrs. Morgan who read my secret and saved me from wrecking my life then, just as she saved me from many other escapades.

"Answer all Eleanor's questions about the facts of life frankly and naturally, as they are asked. Never say, 'When you are older I will explain'. It will be too late for you to explain then, and she will not ask you.

"I can say nothing more, only to repeat what I said when you held your baby in your arms: keep close, close to her. Sacrifice everything to that one purpose, if need be, your social ties, your church duties, even the perfect orderliness of your home. Yes, I know there may be other children, but there never yet has been more than one 'Adler' to each family; so your problems with the others will be less baffling, I trust. You must give most where most is needed.

Cousin Clara's letter is almost twenty years old. Its pages are faded with age and worn with much handling. To-night I am laying it away, among other treasures, for I shall not need it again; the other children are boys, and my Eleanor has gone into the world of her own, happy and strong and safe! Now, in joyous thankfulness, I pass my lesson on to other mothers, who may not have a Cousin Clara to open their eyes and their understanding to the peculiarly delicate, difficult problem which confronts the mother of the overgrown girl.

POPULAR VENETIAN CROCHET

A HANDSOME BAG FOR MANY USES

By GREYE LA SPINA

IT is not too soon to get out our crochet needles and our piece-bags and begin to plan what we may make to take care of part, at least, of our Christmas list. An exceptionally pretty gift is a bag (Fig. 1), which may be used to carry handkerchiefs, and the change purse, or may be used as an opera-bag, or as an embroidery-bag. The foundation, or lining, is of satin, in any desired color, and to this is attached a large square in Venetian Crochet (Fig. 3), and a tasseled heading (Fig. 2), through which crocheted cords are run to draw the bag into shape. An especially handsome bag can be made by combining two shades of the same color, as, for instance, using old gold for the heavy satin lining, and a warm shade of delicate brown for the thread. Half a yard of the satin will make two bags. A highly mercerized heavy thread, No. 3, is used for the crocheting.

The large square is made up of four smaller squares, each one attached to a central motif and connected by an open crocheted design.

Terms used in Directions:—Stitch (st). Chain (ch). Double crochet (d c): insert hook, thread over, draw thread through, making two loops on needle, thread over, draw through two loops. Single crochet (s c): insert hook, draw thread through, thread over needle; and draw through two stitches on hook. Picot (p): chain of five caught back into second stitch. Slip-stitch (sl st): insert hook in stitch, draw thread through both stitches at same time.

FIG. 1—OPERA BAG IN VENETIAN CROCHET

DIRECTIONS FOR CENTRAL FIGURE.—Ch 5, join. Make 8 d c in this ring, with 2 ch between each d c. Into each d c and each ch st make 1 s c. *Ch 5, skip 2 st of this row of s c, and fasten with s c in third st. Continue from * until you have eight of these loops. **Over first loop make 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c. Continue from ** until you have gone entirely around ring. Fasten off.

DIRECTIONS FOR SQUARES.—Make ch of 15. Ch 1, turn. 1 s c into each st of the 15 ch. Ch 1, turn. Continue single crocheting row after row until you have made a square. The exact number of rows will differ with the crocheter. You have now arrived at a corner. Continue down adjoining side of square with 4 s c and then ch 15, fastening thread four st back of same corner; i. e., on other side of it. Over this 15-ch make 15 s c, each into one st of ch. Continue down side of square with s c until second corner is reached. Make ch of 4; fasten with s c in central d c in any one of the scallops of central figure, being careful to keep central figure right side up. S c back along the 4-ch, 1 s c in each st of 4-ch. Continue along adjoining side of square, going around corner and 4 st down the next side. Follow directions made for opposite corner; i. e., 15 ch, with 15 s c over it. Continue along side of square again, until you have gone around the last corner and to point where first ch of 15 was fastened. Fasten off thread.

When crocheting the squares, always take up one, instead of both, of the stitches forming the single crochets of the row before; this stitch should, invariably, be the thread nearest you. Be very careful in attaching squares to central figure that the ribs, or lines of the rows of single crochet, all run in the same general direction.

TO JOIN THE SQUARES, AND FORM BACKGROUND.—Make ch of 296 st. Ch 1, turn. S c back over ch, 1 s c in each ch st, until you have 19 s c made. *After making 12 s c, make the 13th into the 3rd st of ch; i. e., skip 2 st before making 13th s c. This forms the precise corner of the foundation edge. Ch 11, and fasten back in 7th s c. Turn; 1 s c into each st of the 11-ch. Continue along 296-ch with 3 s c. Ch 5, 1 s c in 3rd s c made over 11-ch; ch 10, 1 s c in 9th st of 11-ch; ch 5, 1 s c in 3rd s c above at where the 11-ch was fastened into the 296-ch. S c back over 296-ch; into the s c already made (there should be three). Turn. Make 6 d c over last 5-ch, 1 s c, 1 s c into 10-ch, 6 d c into 10-ch. Ch 12, 1 s c into central st of loop at one corner of large square formerly made. (The central figure, with its attached squares, should be laid out flat in the lap, the better to attach background. In attaching the latter, always attach first the square on the right side, then that on the left, so that you can keep on working straight along; otherwise, the threads will have to be twisted and the work will not look nearly as well.) Along this chain make 5 s c, one into each of the last 5 ch st. Ch 12; s c midway between center of loop and point where it is attached to square. Turn back and make 5 s c along this 12-ch, also. Ch 7; fasten with 1 s c into central d c in scallop of central figure, taking the scallop which is midway between the square you have just attached and the next square.

S c back along the 7-ch, 1 s c in each st of ch for 7 st. Ch 5; 1 s c in loop of adjoining square, at a point to correspond with the attaching 5-ch which fastens the loop of first square to central rib. Turn, and s c back along these 5 st to central rib. S c 7 st down central rib, or until you reach point where you made the connection with the central stitch of loop of first square. Ch 5, 1 s c in central st of loop of second square; turn, s c back 5 st to central rib. Continue down central rib with 7 more s c. Make 6 d c into 10-ch, 1 s c into 10-ch; 1 s c and 6 d c into next 5-ch; skip 2 st of the 296-ch, fasten with 1 s c in 3rd st.

Continue along 296-ch with 12 s c. Ch 10; 1 s c in loop of second square, midway between last attachment strip of 5-ch and the

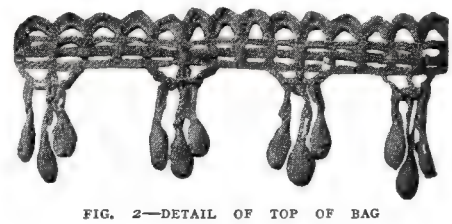


FIG. 2—DETAIL OF TOP OF BAG

[Concluded on page 60]

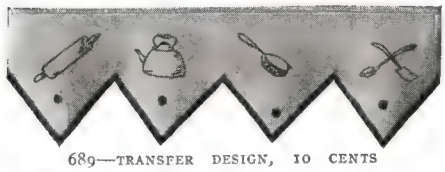
SEWING FOR THE SEASHORE

SOME OF THE LATEST TRANSFER DESIGNS

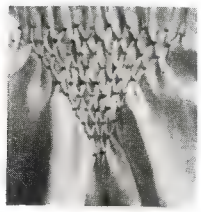
By HELEN THOMAS

686—Design for Collar and Jabot. For satin-, eyelet-, and buttonhole-stitch, in white or any desired color, on handkerchief-linen or lawn. Directions for working, with pattern.

690—Design for Smocking or Shirring. Effective for waists, dresses, children's and infants' clothes. To be worked with marking cotton of desired color. Pattern includes 2 yards of straight dots, 3 inches deep, 1½ yards of pointed dots, 5½ inches deep; 1½ yards of pointed dots, 5 inches deep. Directions for plain and fancy smocking, with pattern.



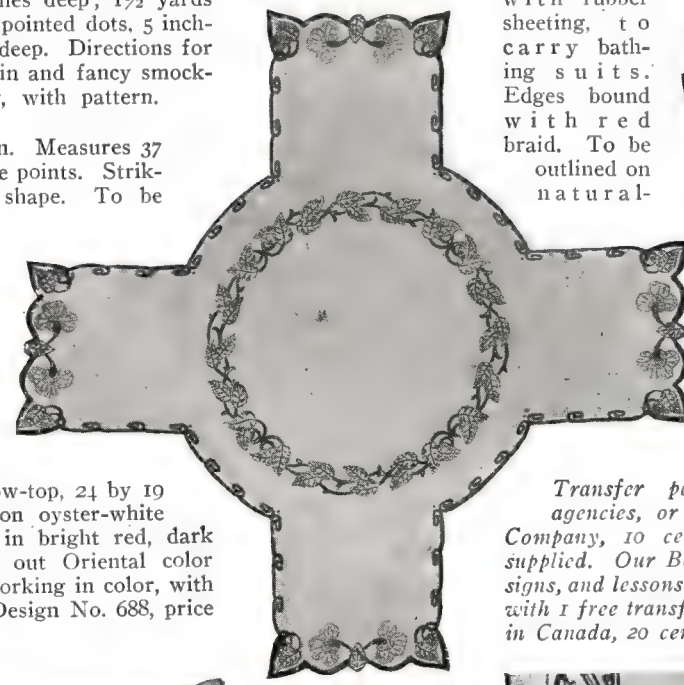
689—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS



690—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

686—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

684—Centerpiece Design. Measures 37 inches across from extreme points. Striking because of unusual shape. To be worked in soft Autumn colors on oyster-white or natural-colored linen. Outline-stitch, except for buttonholed edge. Directions for working in color, with pattern.



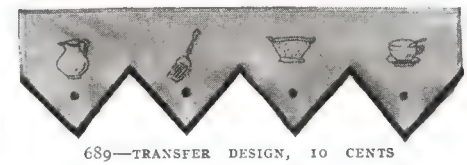
684—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

687—Design for Pillow. Measures 20½ by 16½ inches; used on pillow-top, 24 by 19 inches. To be outlined on oyster-white or natural-colored linen, in bright red, dark blue and black, carrying out Oriental color scheme. Directions for working in color, with pattern. Matches Scarf Design No. 688, price 10 cents.

687—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

688—Design for Scarf or Table-Runner, 17 inches wide, 43 inches long. Matches Pillow Design No. 687 (10 cents). Outlined on oyster-white, or natural-colored linen in red, dark blue, and black. Directions with pattern.

689—Border Design for Pantry or China Closet Shelves. These strips are very dainty to tack along the edge of shelves. Points are about 2½ inches deep. To be stamped on white linen and worked with delft-blue cotton in outline-stitch. Edge to be buttonholed, and dots worked in satin-stitch. Pattern provides 4⅞ yards.



689—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

685—Design for Play Bag, 17 inches wide, 18 inches deep. To hold toys or, lined with rubber sheeting, to carry bathing suits. Edges bound with red braid. To be outlined on natural-colored linen in delft-blue or colors. Full directions for working in colors accompany pattern.

685—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

Editor's Note.—McCall Kaumagraph Transfer patterns at McCall pattern agencies, or postpaid from The McCall Company, 10 cents. Stamped material not supplied. Our Book of Embroidery gives designs, and lessons on stitches; 15 cents in U. S., with 1 free transfer pattern; by mail, 20 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 25 cents.

688—TRANSFER DESIGN, 10 CENTS

NOVELTIES FOR THE BUSY NEEDLE

EMBROIDERY THAT IS PRACTICAL AND NEW

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

10494—Dainty Baby-Cap. An unusually pretty design for the most popular stitches. May be developed in two ways; with the scroll worked in braid-stitch (see Embroidery Lesson, page 54), and the dots, flowers, and leaves worked in satin-stitch; or, with the scroll worked in braid-stitch, the dots and flowers worked in eyelet embroidery, and the leaves worked in satin-stitch. Stamped on mercerized poplin, lawn, nainsook, or batiste, with embroidery cotton, 25 cents. With embroidery silk, 55 cents; free for 2 50-cent subscriptions. On imported cashmere, with embroidery cotton, 35 cents. With embroidery silk, 65 cents; free for 3 50-cent subscriptions.

10494—DAINTY CAP FOR BABY

10498—Pillow-Case. In outline-, satin-, and seed-stitch. Stamped on good tubing, 22 by 36 inches, with embroidery cotton and any one initial; each 45 cents; pair, 75 cents; free for 3 50-cent subscriptions.

10498A—Design stamped for towel, on 21 by 36 inches, good huckaback, with cotton, and any one initial, 45 cents.

10498—HANDSOME PILLOW-CASE

10497—ATTRACTIVE MUSIC-ROLL

10497—Attractive Music-Roll. This strikingly original and pretty summer carrier for music will appeal to all music-students and teachers, as it is extremely suitable for use with summer gowns, will not rub off on the gloves as leather rolls do, on hot days, and may be laundered when soiled. The simple and artistic design is to be worked in outline and solid embroidery. The scalloped edge is to be buttonholed. Stamped on écru, oyster-white, or cream linen, measuring 18 by 18 inches, with embroidery cotton, 25 cents. With embroidery silk, 50 cents; free for 2 50-cents subscriptions.

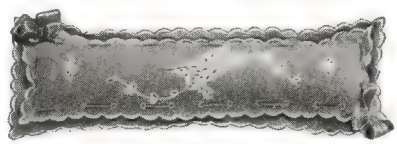
10496—CASE FOR SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS

10496—Case for Soiled Handkerchiefs. In satin-stitch; scallops buttonholed. Stamped on nainsook, top, 18 inches square; bottom, 12 inches square, with ring, 25 cents. Embroidery cotton, 5 skeins, 12 cents extra. Embroidery silk, 10 skeins, 50 cents extra. Stamped on linen, with cotton and ring, 45 cents. With silk, 85 cents; free for 4 50-cent subscriptions.

10495—Dresser-Scarf (matches Pincushion No. 10493). Developed in satin-stitch, outline-stitch, and eyelet embroidery. On white linen, 18 by 32 inches, 40 cents. Embroidery cotton, 6 skeins, 20 cents extra; both free for 3 50-cent subscriptions.

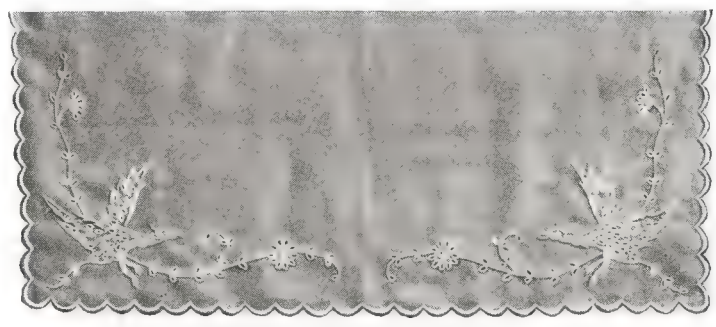
10495A—On linen, 18 by 52 inches, 55 cents; 12 skeins embroidery cotton, 25 cents extra; both free for 4 50-cent subscriptions.

10495B—Design stamped for Piano Cover, 18 by 72 inches, on white or tan linen, 65 cents; 20 skeins embroidery cotton, 40 cents extra; all free for 4 50-cent subscriptions. Embroidery silk, 5 cents a skein extra.



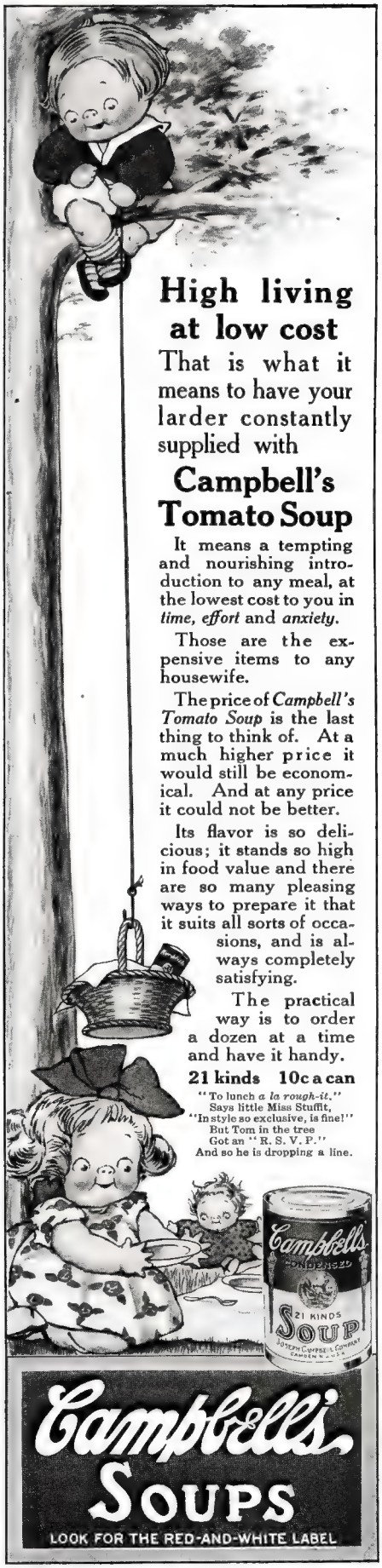
10493—OBLONG PINCUSHION (MATCHES DRESSER-SCARF NO. 10495)

10493—Oblong Pincushion (matches Dresser-Scarf No. 10495). This handsome pincushion is in two pieces. Top and bottom are laced together with ribbon, giving a pretty finish. Scalloped edge of each to be buttonholed. Design developed in satin-stitch, outline-stitch, and eyelet embroidery. Stamped on pure imported linen, 12 by 18 inches, 20 cents. Embroidery cotton, 6 skeins, 15 cents extra. Embroidery silk, 12 skeins, 50 cents extra; free for 3 50-cent subscriptions.



10495—DRESSER-SCARF (MATCHES PINCUSHION NO. 10493)

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any design illustrated on this page, including stamping directions and preparation, may be had for 10 cents, from The McCall Company, New York City. They are not carried by Agencies. Stamped material furnished. Miss Sterling will be very glad to answer all questions regarding embroidery, if a stamped envelope is enclosed with inquiry. Fancy-Work Book with lessons on forty-eight Embroidery Stitches, will be sent free for a two-cent stamp.


High living at low cost
That is what it means to have your larder constantly supplied with
Campbell's Tomato Soup
It means a tempting and nourishing introduction to any meal, at the lowest cost to you in *time, effort* and *anxiety.*
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The price of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* is the last thing to think of. At a much higher price it would still be economical. And at any price it could not be better.
Its flavor is so delicious; it stands so high in food value and there are so many pleasing ways to prepare it that it suits all sorts of occasions, and is always completely satisfying.
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21 kinds 10c a can
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Says little Miss Stuffit,
"In style so exclusive, is fine!"
But Tom in the tree
Got an "R. S. V. P."
And so he is dropping a line.
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CONDENSED
21 KINDS
SOUP
Campbell's SOUPS
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE BRAID-STITCH

SIMPLE LESSONS IN EMBROIDERY—NO. 21

By GENEVIEVE STERLING

THE most charming way in which to embellish a simple frock which needs a touch of decoration—the distinctive touch that only handwork can give—is to embroider it in braid-stitch. Although always popular, this method of finishing a gown has never been so much in vogue as it is today. Therefore, there is no stitch so timely for this month's embroidery lesson as the braid-stitch.

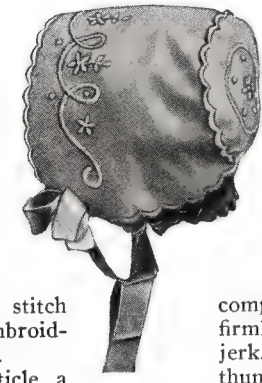

FIG. 4—FOR BABY'S CAP NO. 10494 (SEE PAGE 53)

Let us select a simple article, a baby's cap (No. 10494), in a scroll design, broken by an arrangement of daisies. The first thing to do is to embroider flowers, leaves and dots in satin-stitch, or, if preferred, dots and flowers in eyelet-, and leaves in satin-stitch. The scalloped edge should be buttonholed, but not until the last, so as to avoid rubbing.

FIG. 2—FINISHING THE STITCH

The scroll, when stamped on the material, will appear as two parallel curving lines, and this we will work in the new stitch—braid-stitch. Thread your needle with heavy embroidery thread, cotton, or silk, and fasten securely on back of material. Bring thread out on lower line, at right of parallel lines. Now, throw thread over to the left, and hold down slackly with thumb. Twist needle upward and over the held-down thread, until it points directly from you (Fig. 1). You will now have the thread twisted once over needle. Insert needle on upper line, one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch over toward the left of starting point. Draw thread over to the right, now, and hold there to make thread form a slack loop. Bring point of needle out on lower line, directly below where it was inserted on upper line, and inside loop of thread you have been holding down on right (Fig. 2). On drawing thread completely through material, you will have finished one complete stitch. Repeat to end of design.

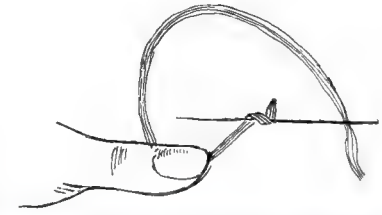

FIG. 1—FIRST STEP IN THE BRAID-STITCH

Be careful to keep your thread slack; and when pulling the needle and thread through, on completing stitch, draw thread firmly and evenly—never with a jerk. It will help, to place left thumb right on stitch in the process of completion, to hold threads in place while pulling needle through.

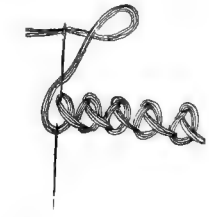

FIG. 3—STRIP OF BRAID-STITCH ENLARGED

In working this cap on handkerchief linen, lawn, or batiste, white embroidery silk or cotton may be used. But for a warm cap of cashmere, Henrietta, or silk, pale pink or blue silk thread for the flowers and leaves, and white silk thread for the buttonholed edge and the braid-stitch, are prettiest. A little quilted cap, made up in any color, can be bought in the store and fitted inside the embroidered one to make it practical for cool weather as well as warm. The embroidered cap should then be fastened with bows and streamers of ribbon to match the quilted cap.

FIG. 5—DETAIL OF BABY'S CAP NO. 10494 (SEE PAGE 53)

Editor's Note.—Any question in regard to the Braid-Stitch, or the embroidering of any of the articles illustrated on page 53, will be answered by Miss Sterling if a stamped envelope is enclosed. Perforated pattern for Baby's Cap No. 10494, 10 cents. For price, stamped on material, see page 53.

CHINTZ HATS—STRAW FLOWERS

[*Concluded from page 28*]

crown, cut a double bias two inches wide and long enough to fit outside the top or headsize of the brim; then sew wire around both edges of this side-crown. For the tip, cut an oval ten by eight and one-half inches and sew the edge of it over the top edge of the side-crown. This frame, too, is splendid for a winter hat as well as for this summer one. The top of the crown and facing are covered plain with the chintz; the braid is sewed on the outside of the brim; and one-inch chintz ruffles cover the side-crown and finish the edge on the under side of the brim. Chintz does not fray easily, so the strips for the ruffles are cut bias and the edge is not hemmed, but left plain. Very little trimming is needed. A ribbon fastened around the hat with a bow in front and two short streamers in the back is sufficient. One clever woman made her small daughter a beautiful little hat from the chintz left over from some new bedroom curtains.

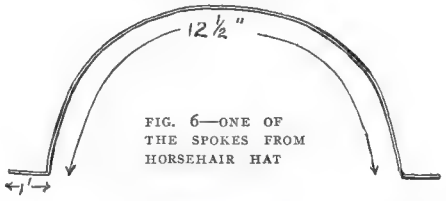

FIG. 6—ONE OF THE SPOKES FROM HORSEHAIR HAT

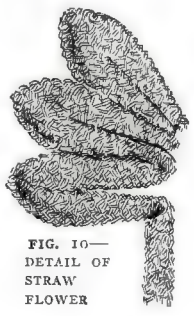

FIG. 10—DETAIL OF STRAW FLOWER

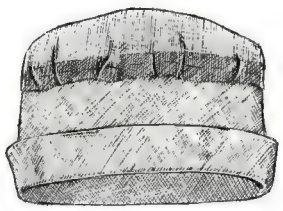

FIG. 7—CROWN FOR HOOD-SHAPED HAT

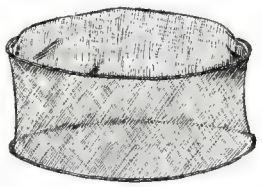

FIG. 8—ALMOST LIKE FIG. 7, BUT WITHOUT TURNED EDGE

In the last lesson (July), we learned how to make horsehair lace hats over paper patterns and wire molds, so that you should not have much difficulty in making a horsehair hat for the child (Fig. 4). The only difference will be in the shape of the brim, which should be circular instead of oval like the one in the July lesson; and in the crown, which is dome-shaped, not square-cornered. The process of building is identical, but the spokes of this construction crown are shaped differently. Follow the instructions in the July lesson for the handling of the wire, but make the changes in shaping. The base-wire is twenty-three inches around, without the two inches allowed for the lap. The four spokes are each twelve and one-half inches long and are bent in to a semicircle with two horizontal ends (Fig. 6). Mark the eight equidistant dots on the twenty-three-inch base wire, making the first dot in the middle of the two-inch lap. This dot will be the back dot; and the one opposite, which is eleven and one-half inches away, will be the front dot. Twist one spoke on the base-wire at the front and back dots, another at the side dots, and the other two at the intermediate dots. (See July lesson again.) Two inches above the base-wire, on the outside of the spokes, tie a circle of wire which, after lapping, will measure twenty-two inches; then place about eight more brace wires like the one on the outside of the spokes, making the spaces between them about one-half inch. Make these braces form a true rounding surface. The paper pattern for the brim is a fourteen-inch circle with a seven-and-one-half-inch circle cut from the center for the headsize. Sew the horsehair over the paper brim and the wire crown, exactly as described in the July lesson. Trim with a black velvet band and half a dozen large daisies.

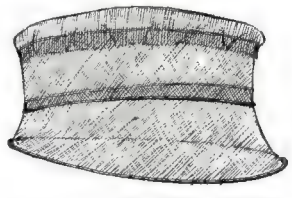

FIG. 9—THREE PIECES NEEDED FOR THIS CROWN

In addition to the suggestions for trimming given here, there are innumerable other attractive ways that can easily be thought of—keeping in mind the two prominent and necessary qualities of simplicity and durability—when the contents of the home bandbox are gone over. The handmade trimmings in the June lesson are especially appropriate for children's hats and can be used on any of the hats in this lesson.

Editor's Note.—If you have hats to trim, retrim, or make over, Mrs. Tobey will be glad to tell you how, by mail, if a stamped envelope is enclosed with inquiry.

"To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

—Third promise of Boy Scouts Oath.

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The world needs men who can plan, and work, and endure; and in building boys into such men, right food now is of utmost importance.

Grape-Nuts

has delicious taste, and contains the vital food elements of whole wheat and malted barley, which Nature easily converts into strength and energy for body and brain.

Boys—and girls, too—can definitely get ready for future success; but there's only one "Road to Wellville"—right living—and that calls for wholesome, easily digestible food.

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—sold by Grocers.

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If you keep him outdoors at least five hours each clear day.

If you don't put too many clothes on him.

If you let him play on your bed without any clothes on at all for an hour each day. (This is his exercise.)

If you feed him regularly and are sure his food is right.

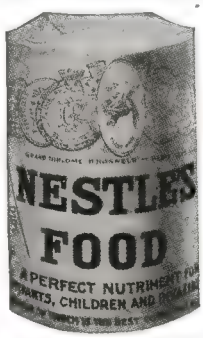
And know, you mother with that precious little body in your arms—that the food counts most of all. What good are air and exercise if his little body is not fed by the food that will make him grow? He will grow big and strong on your own breast milk. And, after the sixth month, give one feeding a day of

Nestlé's Food

because Nestlé's is so like mother's milk the baby can combine the two. Later make it two feedings a day until, at last, the baby is all weaned on Nestlé's.

In Nestlé's there's no danger of unclean milk—or the germs that grow so fast in ordinary cow's milk.

Nestlé's is made from the milk of healthy cows, in sanitary dairies. All the harmful, heavy parts have been changed so that the curd is soft and fleecy, as in mother's milk. Then other food elements your baby needs, and that are not in cow's milk, are added—all in just the right amount.



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THE HOME DRESSMAKER

LESSON 54—THE NEW COLLEGE SMOCK

By MARGARET WHITNEY

SOME people may say that summer and sewing are two elements which will never mix, but, judging from the letters laid out on my desk, the temperature has little effect on the feminine mind. Perhaps it is because we are beginning to view sewing in a new light. The task that was once work is now pleasure, provided one goes about it in the right way.

A girl from the Middle West writes about the club her little set is forming. The very name is attractive, "The Sewing-Bee". Ten girls home from college have conceived the idea of making the clothes they need for school. They are to meet once a week, each work on the same type of garment, have refreshments at five, with the boys invited around in the evening, just as at an old-fashioned sewing-bee. The letter ends with a request that Mrs. Whitney select the first garment. Isn't it a jolly idea? It appealed to me so strongly, that I am using our lesson this month to tell just how to make the college smock I picked out for them, that other girls in other towns may form as jolly a little club as "The Sewing-Bee" and start to make the clothes they need for school.

The pattern for the college smock is our No. 6680. (See page 43 for other views, quantity of material, etc.) It comes in eight sizes; from six to twenty years, and costs ten cents. The skirt is the new one-or-two-piece Misses' model, No. 6394. (See small views below, on this page.) This pattern is made in four sizes, from fourteen to twenty years, and costs fifteen cents; but the lesson will be only on the blouse. I am giving all the details, and even the younger girls learning how to sew, may attempt the garment. Pongee, crêpe de Chine and linen are among the materials in vogue for garments of this particular type.

FIG. 1—THE COLLEGE SMOCK, NO. 6680, AND PLAIN SKIRT, NO. 6394

Consult the pattern envelope for quantity of material required, and also for cutting instructions. Read these directions carefully and follow them explicitly, in laying pattern on goods and cutting.

THE MAKING OF THE BLOUSE.—The first step is the smocking. This is easy to do and extremely attractive. You will need the Transfer Design No. 690 with which to mark the dots; this costs ten cents. Stamp the material according to the directions on the Transfer envelope. The dots will look similar to those in Fig. 6. Crease the material lengthwise along dots; that is, from 1 to 7, 8 to 14, etc. Make a knot in the end of the thread, and bring the needle up at the dot marked 21. Fold this dot over to dot 14, and take two over-and-over stitches, bringing the needle up at the dot marked 6, as shown in Fig. 7. Bring this dot to dot marked 13, take stitches as before, pushing the needle out at dot marked 19. Bring this dot to dot marked 12, take the two stitches, the needle coming out the next time at 4, and so on to the top. When finished, the smocking will resemble Fig. 8.

Lay yoke with the *right* side to the *right* side of front, upper edge of the front and yoke edge even, and stitch three-eighths of an inch in from the edge. Turn right side out, fold seam edges back onto yoke, and, from the right side of the garment, stitch one-fourth of an inch in from edge of yoke. Join

[*Concluded on page 57*]

FIG. 2—MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY, NO. 6680

FIG. 3—MISSES' SKIRT, NO. 6394

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

[Continued from page 56]

yoke and back in the same manner. Slash center-front, according to the directions on the pattern envelope. Stitch facings together below notch, and lay facing along slash as shown in Fig. 5; keep edges even at the top, but run the facing nearly three-eighths of an inch beyond the edge of the slash at the bottom (see Fig. 4). Stitch three-eighths of an inch in from the edge of the facing, from the top to the bottom of the slash. Turn facing onto the wrong side, and baste.

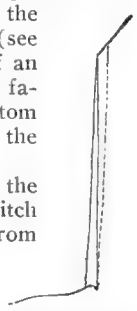


FIG. 4—SLASHED EDGE

Lay the two thicknesses for the collar, right sides together; stitch three-eighths of an inch in from the outside edges; snip the edges and turn the collar right side out. Place collar with *right* side to *wrong* side of blouse; stitch *outside* collar to neck edge, sewing through one thickness of the collar, the front facing, and the blouse, leaving underside of collar free. Snip the seam edges, turn the collar onto the right side of the blouse, fold in free edge of the collar three-eighths of an inch, and fell it over the raw edges.

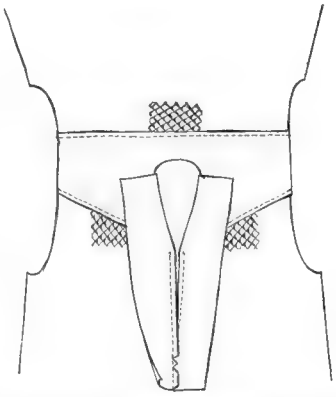


FIG. 5—FRONT FACING PROPERLY PLACED

LAY the waist out flat, and baste the sleeve to the armhole; place right side of sleeves to right side of blouse. Stitch a seam's width in from edges, turn seam back onto waist, and from the right side, stitch around the armhole again, one-fourth of an inch in from the edge. Fold the waist with wrong sides together and join sleeves and under-arm seams, sewing one-eighth of an inch in from the edges. Turn the garment wrong-side-out, crease and stitch seams again; one-fourth of an inch in from the edge, thus making French seams. French-seam sleeve facings. Place this facing with right side to right side of the sleeve, and stitch three-eighths of an inch up from the bottom. Turn facing onto wrong side of sleeve, fold under free edge, three-eighths of an inch, stitch to position and turn sleeves back on line marked by large eyelets, thus forming the cuff.

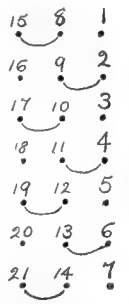


FIG. 6—DOTS FOR SMOCKING

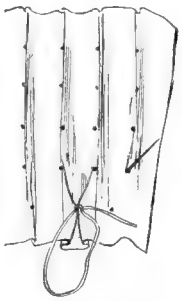


FIG. 7.—POSITION OF NEEDLE

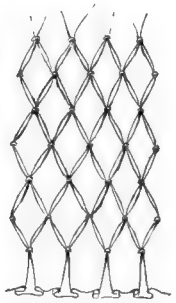


FIG. 8—SMOCKING COMPLETED

Turn lower edge of blouse in, three-eighths of an inch, crease hem indicated on pattern, and stitch. Turn in edges of belt along lines marked by eyelets on the pattern. Cut a lining the size of the belt with edges thus folded, turn the edges of the lining in, baste to the belt and stitch as pictured. On the right side, make a buttonhole, and on the left side, sew a button. Cut two-inch strips of material for belt straps; turn the edges in three-eighths of an inch, and fold three-fourths of an inch from one side. Tack these straps to the under-arm seams, and insert the belt.

Finish the slash with three eyelets on either side. Mark where the top and bottom eyelets will be placed, dividing the space evenly between; punch holes with a stiletto, and run marking cotton around the edge. Use medium-weight embroidery cotton for outside stitches. Take a few running stitches to start with. Then insert the needle about an eighth of an inch back from the edge, passing the thread under at the bottom, as shown in Fig. 9. Continue until the eyelet is complete. Then finish the closing with a cord or ribbon lacing.

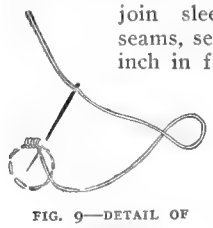


FIG. 9—DETAIL OF EYELET

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Whitney will be glad to assist you by explaining the making of any garment. Write to her concerning any difficulty you may have stating the matter clearly, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply by mail.

For white woodwork

DID you ever try Bon Ami on white paint? It dissolves the grime like magic and restores the fresh, white, new look. Frequently one magic sweep of the cloth, wet with a little Bon Ami lather, will erase an obstinate finger-mark that resists floods of plain water!

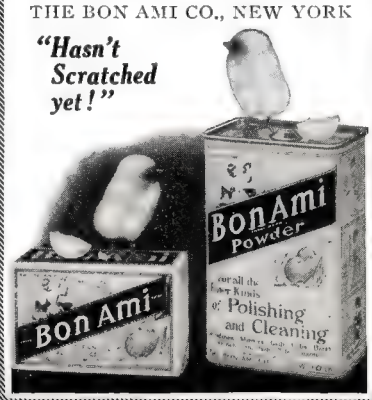
Bon Ami

We leave you to choose between our cake and powder. Both of them are wonderful for cleaning windows and mirrors, bath-tubs, tile, paint, and for polishing metals; not for scouring or rough work, but for all the *finer* kinds of cleaning and polishing.

Made in both cake and powder form

THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK

"Hasn't Scratched yet!"



Price 20 Cents

The Price Has Not Been Advanced

It has not been and will not be affected by the European War.

The Unscented costs but 15c a cake and Pears' Glycerine Soap but 20c a cake, as before.

Anticipating present conditions, A. & F. Pears, Ltd., made radical changes last Fall in their method of supplying the retailer, so that it is easier for the dealer to supply his customers to-day than ever before.

The successful merchant—the one who considers the welfare of his customers — is in every locality, ready to sell you Pears' Soap at the old prices. Every merchant should have a fair profit, but nowhere in the United States should any one pay more for Pears' Soap now than in the past.

Pears' Soap

is the most carefully made of all toilet soaps—the last word in the art of fine soap making. It is most important that you use only Pears these hot, scorching days—it is really a necessity for baby's tender skin.

Because of its wonderful purity and cleansing quality it completely frees the pores from all impurities, without the slightest irritation, and promotes a *natural* freshness and softness of the skin—not in the least artificial. Cosmetics are not needed where Pears' Soap is in daily use.

Pears is the same delightful, refreshing soap to-day that it has always been—nothing lacking, nothing altered — not even the price — the *World's Quality Standard* for more than a century, yet sold at a price so low as to be within the reach of every one.

If you have difficulty in obtaining from your dealer any of the various PEARS' SOAPS, write us and we shall be pleased to see that you are supplied.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high-grade toilet soaps in the world.

DO THIS TO-DAY — send 4c in stamps (to cover cost of mailing) and a generous trial cake of Pears' Unscented Soap will be sent postpaid — Address, Walter Janvier, U. S. Agent, 419 Canal Street, New York City.

NAN COMPETES

[*Concluded from page 17*]

Now was my cue to fade into nothingness, to be snuffed out like a candle, to slink beaten from the field. But this time I didn't do it! Instead, I sat up and talked for my life, my cheeks glowing, my eyes sparkling. I was bubbling, audacious, compelling. In sheer lazy astonishment, Pauline sat back and let me take the center of the stage.

When I got home, I staggered upstairs, feeling the need of a cup of strong black coffee.

That evening I put on a new and fascinating little frock, and entered the ballroom, head up, guns trained. Pauline had preempted Roger all during dinner, simply because he was new. So I deliberately kidnaped her Van Wyck, who regarded me with pleased astonishment and a brand-new interest. When I steered him into a corner and made him double up with my nonsense, Pauline's eyes said sweetly: "Thank you, dear, for relieving me of that pest!" But when he danced dance after dance with me, and knelt and adjusted my little slipper, looking up into my eyes, Pauline's eyes said: "Really, this is most extraordinary!" And when, to cap the climax, we disappeared into the garden together, reappearing after a long-drawn-out interval, radiantly interested in each other, Pauline's eyes wigwagged frantically: "Come back instantly! I won't permit this!" Roger also looked dashed. I paid not the slightest attention.

How I danced that night! It seemed as though I danced for my life. I put into my movements every bit of grace and poetry that was in my soul. Roger's eyes followed me constantly, but, for all that, he was tremendously interested in Pauline also.

Then, with a crash of chords, I stood alone in the center of the room. I was going to give a classical Greek dance, a beautiful, graceful thing I had just learned. The music was suavely beautiful. My gown took exquisite lines with every motion I made—it was of cream satin, veiled with an overdress of transparent chiffon. There was a little jeweled coronet in my hair, and this, with my high heels, made me look much taller, almost statuesque. Well, I did dance for my life. I imagined myself Diana, slender, fleet, crescent-crowned; Atalanta of the swift feet; a flame, a bluebird on the wing, a swaying bough.

The music came to a stop, but they thundered for another dance, so I did a lovely Spanish thing, with castanets.

And I danced two more before the roomful of people were satisfied, and all the time that my feet flew, my heart was rejoicing to myself: "Oh, silly! Why didn't you know it long ago? It's not the flesh that counts, it's the spirit, the invincible spirit that makes us daring and graceful and determined and clever and wonderful! That's what beauty is!"

I found myself out in the garden under the white moon, with Roger's arms around me. "Oh, darling, darling!" he breathed. But, summoning every ounce of resolution in me, I whispered, "Roger! Not yet!" and fled.

I didn't dare. There was all the next day to face, under the pitiless glare of the sun. We were to ride the next day —Pauline is very lovely on a horse.

But the gods fought my battle. Pauline woke with a blue fit, carried it to the breakfast table with her, carried it out in the sun when she mounted her horse and we were off and away. Her mouth was a thin, hard line. Van Wyck and Roger rode on either side of me. I felt tireless, charged with new energy, for I had slept like a log the night before. I dashed ahead, galloped, went flying over obstacles, chaffed and bantered with my escorts, sang. I had a lovely time, and so did they.

But when the road narrowed, I heard Pauline call sharply to Van Wyck, and he dropped behind. Roger and I rode ahead and found ourselves in a leafy stillness, shot with sunshine and fragrant with forest odors.

He jumped off his horse, pulled mine to a halt, and lifted me down in his arms.

"My darling, I love you, I love you!" he said huskily. "Will you marry me, Nan? Oh, my darling little Nan, will you marry me? I love you!"

I had both hands against his rough tweed coat, and his eyes were near enough for me to see how blue and kind they were. I felt like a young queen at her coronation. All the beauty of the world melted into soft music, while I, figuratively speaking, swept slowly up the steps to the throne, my heart swelling with proud humility. I reached up and kissed him, and then a rosy cloud seemed to descend and catch us up.

After what seemed a long, long time, we remounted and turned back. We encountered Schuyler Van Wyck and Pauline, sitting hand in hand. Van Wyck's thin, blond face was transfigured—Pauline had given her consent after all these years. She was to be Mrs. Schuyler Van Wyck in the fall, the dangerous Egyptian princess, teeth drawn, guns spiked! (Oh, what mixed metaphors!)

A load seemed to roll off my heart. I looked at Roger, big, broad-shouldered, with the best and kindest face, and the bluest, dearest eyes, set wide apart—and I could almost feel my newly-conferred diadem resting on my head. I drew myself erect, and dreamed dreams.

A CANFUL OF DOLLARS

By A FARMER'S WIFE

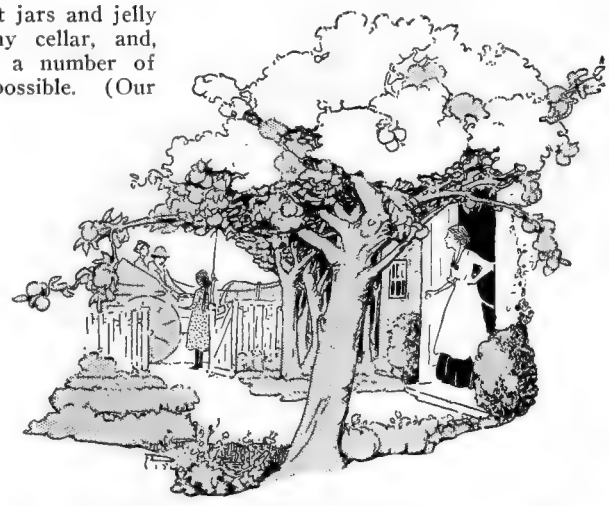
OUR home—an old farmhouse—was badly in need of fresh wall-paper, new carpets, furniture, and, throughout, repairs of every kind.

For years, my husband, my daughter Ruth, and I, had been trying to save up for the "house fund" as we called it; but always, as soon as we would get a little put by, some farm or family need would arise to claim every penny of it.

Thoroughly discouraged, Ruth and I began to look about us for some way of earning the money ourselves; and one day a plan occurred to us.

Our farm, a small one, was yielding us, every year, more fruit, berries, and vegetables than we could utilize for home consumption. This surplus, since we had no market for it, was a total loss. Now it occurred to Ruth and me to buy a few glass jars, can this surplus, and try to sell it in the near-by town.

I HAD a few empty fruit jars and jelly molds standing in my cellar, and, besides these, we bought a number of new ones as cheaply as possible. (Our customers have always been kind enough to let us have the jars and glasses back again when empty, so the cost of our containers has been small.) The sugar we were able to buy in a large quantity at five and one-half cents a pound. All the sugar we used, that first year, cost us only nineteen dollars and eight cents; while our returns from the three hundred and forty-seven jars of canned fruit which we sold at thirty cents a quart, amounted to one hundred and four dollars and ten cents, leaving a clear profit of eighty-five dollars and two cents for one year.



ORDERS BEGAN TO COME IN FROM WELL-TO-DO NEIGHBORS, SUMMER HOTELS, AND TOWN GROCERS

We were so encouraged by our success, that we threw ourselves enthusiastically into the business, working out new receipts, testing their popularity, and building up a big trade.

The second year, Ruth and I made a specialty of rich preserves and jams, chilli sauces, and pickles of all kinds. The pickles were especially popular and profitable, selling readily to boarding-houses and hotels. The vinegar for the pickles was of my own making; the cucumbers of which they were made were raised for me, each year, by a neighbor, from whom I bought them, in mixed sizes, at the rate of fifteen cents a hundred. That second year of our enterprise, Ruth and I sold thirty-two dollars' worth of these pickles; seventy-three dollars and forty-two cents' worth of the richest preserves; and two hundred and eighty-eight glasses of apple, grape and currant jelly, at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents a dozen.

Of course, none of this was clear profit. In making the jelly, for instance, the sugar and some extra fruit which I had to buy cost me nine dollars and twenty-seven cents. But even so, this left me a profit, on jelly alone, for that second year, of twenty-six dollars and seventy-three cents. The conserves and preserves I made only when ordered, as these, being expensive to make, and therefore priced higher, were bought only by people who did not have to consider the value of money.

I did not have to do any advertising to build up my trade, as it seemed to build itself up. The grape-vine telegraph —rural gossip—having spread abroad the news that rich, home-made preserves and pickles could be had from me, orders began to come in immediately from well-to-do neighbors, summer hotels, and town grocers. When all expenses were deducted, our profit for the second year amounted to two hundred and twenty dollars and seventeen cents.

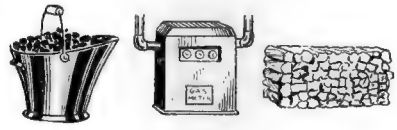
After three years of this work, Ruth and I, to our great delight, had enough money put by to make, of our ramshackle old house, the pretty modern home of which we had dreamed for so many years.

But ours were not the only lives benefited by the success of our canning venture. Mrs. Dudley, an old friend who lived on a seventy-five-acre farm in a distant State, and who came to pay me a visit, became intensely interested in

[Concluded on page 83]

What You Save

when you let Fels-Naptha Soap do the hard part of your washing for you.



Fuel—

No necessity for a hot fire, because the clothes don't need to be boiled.

Clothes—

Your clothes last twice as long when washed with Fels-Naptha because they are not weakened by boiling, nor worn out by hard rubbing.

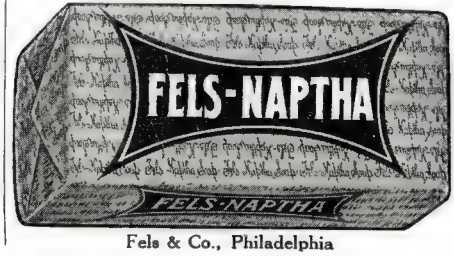
Doctor's Bills—

You don't need to waste your strength, strain your back, fill your lungs full of steam, or get a cold by going out into the air when you are overheated from working near a hot fire.

Labor—

Fels-Naptha takes half of the work and *all* of the drudgery out of washday.

Aren't these savings worth while? Just buy Fels-Naptha and do your next wash and soap and water cleaning with its help. Follow the directions—they lead to ease and pleasure.



Fels & Co., Philadelphia

Your Wife's Vacation

Spending three or four weeks in the country is a wonderful vacation for you—but it is not a vacation for your wife if she has to cook meals in a bungalow or Summer home. A kitchen is a kitchen, whether in the mountains, on the seashore or in the city. Our kitchen is your kitchen when you know

Shredded Wheat

and the many delicious dishes that may be made with it without any kitchen worry or knowledge of cooking. We do the baking for you in our two million dollar kitchen, the cleanest, finest, most hygienic food factory in the world.

Shredded Wheat is real whole wheat bread, all the rich, body-building, muscle-making elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked in crisp, brown, tasty little loaves. So easy to prepare a deliciously wholesome and nourishing meal in a jiffy by crisping a few of these Biscuits in the oven and serving with berries or other fresh fruits and cream.

Made only by

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

POPULAR VENETIAN CROCHET

[*Continued from page 51*]

point where loop starts from square proper. Turn; 10 s c, 1 in each of the 10-ch st; continue along the 296-ch after making 1 s c in 296-ch to fasten 10-ch strip. Make 12 s c; 1 s c in exact corner of second square. 12 s c along 296-ch; ch 10, 1 s c in next loop of same square, as described in connecting other loops; s c back over the 10-ch. Continue along 296-ch with 31 s c. Ch 11, as in first corner, and fasten back, allowing 11 s c to be skipped for corner.

Continue with each corner and each bar of background as in first corner.

DIRECTIONS FOR TOP OF BAG.—Make a ch of 160 st, and join. Make 4 s c into as many st of the 160-ch. Ch 13, and fasten with an s c into the first of the 4 s c just made. Make another s c back on ch of 160 st, ch 1, turn.

Into the ch of 13 (going *into* each st of ch, not *over* ch), make 13 s c. Five s c along 160-ch; *ch 9, fasten with 1 s c in st which would count fourth from where the 13-ch is attached to 160-ch nearest ch of 9. S c back over 9-ch with 9 s. c. Five s c along 160-ch. Continue from * until you have gone around top. Fasten off thread, after joining.

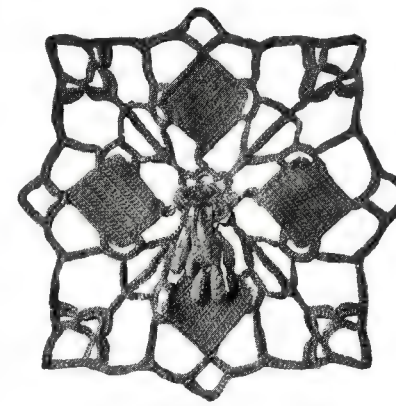


FIG. 3—DETAIL OF SQUARE

Commencing at top of a bar of 4 s c, make 1 s c. Ch 9, fasten with s c directly above next bar of 4 s c. Continue to make ch of 9 st, fastening each ch above one of bars, until row is completed.

Over these ch of 9 make 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 p (of 3 st), 5 d c, 1 s c. Continue until row is completed.

TO MAKE BALLS.—Make a ch of 3, join. Into this small ring make 10 d c. Continue going around the top of this row with s c until you have made 20 st. Then make 5 st as follows: Pull thread through 1 s c and over hook; pull it through next s c and over hook; draw thread through these three loops; 1 s c in next s c. After making these 5 combination st, sl st until you have come to an s c. Ch 20; fasten with an s c at the base of any of the bars in the above top just completed; ch 5, fasten with sl st in the even st of the ch of 20; ch 15, fasten at top of oval ball; break thread, leaving an end of about one-half inch. Slip crochet-hook up through bottom of ball, catch this end of the thread, and pull it down into the inside of ball.

Make two more balls to complete a group of three, but the ch should be 15 st instead of 20 st, so that the balls will not all hang at same distance from top.

In making third ball, the joining chain should be made as follows: After attaching third ball to a bar of the top with 1 s c, ch 5, fasten in even st of 15-ch; ch 5, fasten at point in long ch of central ball where the five chains are joined; ch 5, fasten at same point in small ball on other side of long ball. Turn all three balls over, so that you can make the continuing chain completely around the three. Ch 5, fasten in central along ch, ch 5, fasten in ch of third ball; ch 10, fasten in top of third ball. In attaching balls, fasten each at base of a bar, leaving one bar between each group of three balls.

Use one-quarter yard of satin (or more if it is of a very narrow width), and round off corners slightly. Sew central figure of crocheting on middle of satin square. Turn over edge on right side, and gather. Pin into top, evening up gathers, and sew bar forming lower edge of crocheted top over raw edges of silk.

TO MAKE CORD.—Make a ring of 4 ch st. Continue to make s c on this foundation until a sufficient length of cord has been made. Leave final end open, insert end where start was made, and sew together with a piece of the crochet cord itself.

TO MAKE BALLS FOR BOTTOM OF BAG.—In making the balls for the bottom of the bag, ch 25 and 30 ch, instead of 15 and 20, making four 25-ch and four 30-ch. Attach these at every five st, leaving 10 and 15 ch st unattached, respectively. In each case, instead of fastening off thread at top of ball, make another ball on the end of it, as follows: When end of ch is reached, ch two more and fasten into end of ch. Over this s c 1, ch 1, s c 1, ch 1, for three or four rows. Then s c into each s c until ball is of sufficient length. Then sl st until you have closed bottom of ball. Fasten off, pulling thread inside ball, as described.

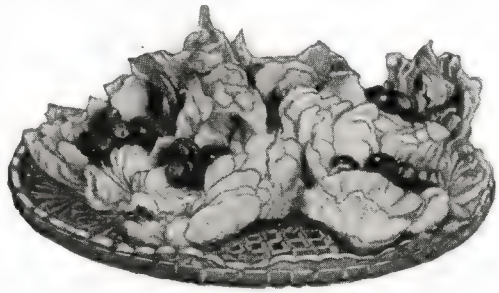
When sewing balls to bag, catch up parts of chains where they are fastened in every five stitches, to form little loops.

When Cherries Are Ripe

By ROSAMOND LAMPMAN

JUNE is not only the month of brides and strawberries, but also of cherries; luscious tart ones, and delicious sweet ones; black, red, yellow, and white ones; and each variety is equally delicious and wholesome. Owing to the amount of valuable mineral salts they contain, cherries are quite as important in the diet as either apples or peaches.

One of the prettiest ways to serve cherries *au naturel* is first to pack a slender measuring glass even full of powdered sugar; then turn the sugar carefully upon the center of a small serving plate, and arrange around the snowy pyramid fresh, ripe cherries with their stems left on, and garnish with a few green leaves.



CHERRIES STUFFED WITH CREAM CHEESE MAKE A DELICIOUS SALAD

CHERRY COCKTAIL.—Wash, drain, and stone medium-tart cherries, and set them on ice to chill. Put these into glasses, and cover them with a mixture made of a gill of cherry-juice and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Or the mixture may be put into tiny glass bowls, each placed in the center of a small dish of cracked ice, and the cherries, unstemmed, placed around it, and dipped into the mixture as they are eaten.

CHERRY SALAD.—Stem and remove the stones from large, rather tart cherries. Mix one cream cheese with two tablespoonfuls of chopped almonds, and moisten the whole with a little sweet cream. Form into tiny balls, and insert one in each cherry. Pile the fruit in cups of crisp white lettuce, and place on a flat glass serving-dish. Just before serving, pour over them a French dressing, using lemon-juice instead of vinegar. An equal number of black and white cherries mingled may be used very effectively in this salad. Another salad is made by filling individual molds two-thirds full with stoned sweet cherries, and finely chopped crisp cucumbers, mixed lightly together. Have ready some warm lemon jelly, and fill the molds. Set the jelly in the ice-box, and, when firm, turn it out on lettuce leaves, and serve with a cream dressing.

FRESH OR GLACÉ FRUIT AS A DECORATION FOR CHERRY PARFAIT

CHERRY PIE WITH WHIPPED CREAM.—Line a round pie-tin with rich paste. Bake this, and, when cold, fill with very ripe, stoned cherries; add three or four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, according to the tartness of the fruit, and one cupful of well-sweetened whipped cream.

CHERRY PUDDING.—Butter a mold, and fill two-thirds full with ripe cherries. Marella cherries are best for cooking, as they retain their flavor. Make a batter with one-fourth cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one well-beaten egg, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and a little salt. Beat until light, and pour this over the cherries in the mold, put on a tight-fitting cover, and steam for an hour and a half. Serve with a sauce made by creaming one-third cupful of butter with one cupful of powdered sugar, then adding the beaten white of an egg, and one-fourth cupful of strained cherry-juice.

CHERRY ROLL.—Roll puff paste out into a narrow sheet. Thickly spread with cherries, stoned and cut into bits with scissors. Sprinkle liberally with sugar, roll, and place in a baking-pan. Dust the top with powdered sugar and dot with bits of butter. Pour a cupful of hot cherry-juice around it, and bake in a quick oven until delicately browned. Serve hot with hard sauce or sweetened cream.

CHERRY PARFAIT.—Dissolve two cupfuls of granulated sugar in one of water, and heat until boiling. Add one quart

[*Concluded on page 63*]

BORDEN'S BETTER BABIES

Babies raised on "Eagle Brand" are strong enough to swing by their arms like this sturdy Borden Baby. Their little bodies are round — their muscles firm — their cheeks rosy — their eyes clear. If your baby is not doing well he probably is not getting the right food. See how quickly he will change from a drooping little flower to a strong, healthy "Borden Better Baby" when you give him "Eagle Brand" Condensed Milk.

Gail Borden EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK THE ORIGINAL

Do not let your baby grow thin and pale, listless and heavy-eyed, when it is so easy to keep him well. Protect him from diarrhoea and summer troubles that come from wrong feeding. Give him Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—the baby food that your grandmother used three generations ago.

Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is pure, rich milk from protected cows—so prepared that it comes to your baby pure—clean—easy to digest. The most delicate baby will thrive on "Eagle Brand".

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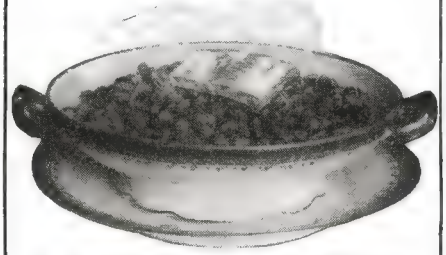
The Van Camp chef.

He prepares many a meal for countless homes. He saves millions of hours in the kitchen for women to spend on the porch.

And he does more.

He makes Pork and Beans more delightful than they ever were before, and more digestible.

But why argue? Won't you for your own sake—and the man's sake, too—let this dish tell its story?



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Also Baked Without the Sauce
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But not home-baked beans. They are hard to digest. And not hard beans, crisp, broken or insipid.

Van Camp's are the Beans to serve often. They are mellow and whole. They are thoroughly baked. And the sauce we bake in gives a tang that's resistless.

You don't know this, else your pantry shelf would be full of Van Camp's. But won't you find it out—and today?

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

(382)

CANNING SUMMER VEGETABLES

By MAE McGUIRE TELFORD

THIS is just the season of the year when the home garden-patch is working overtime and producing more vegetables than the family table can possibly dispose of; yet, most housewives regard this as an unavoidable waste, and, with the exception of some jars of pickles and bottles of catchup, do not attempt to preserve the surplus vegetables for winter use. This is not for lack of desire, but from the feeling which many women have that home-canned vegetables inevitably spoil. Yet, any housewife who will, may can them as successfully as do the canning factories equipped with experienced workers and expensive apparatus; as successfully, indeed, as she cans her own fruit. Every vegetable on the list, from corn and tomatoes to peas and string beans, may be tucked away safely in quart jars in the summer-time, to be opened and enjoyed when there is snow on the ground, and when fresh vegetables are scarce and very high. To be sure, a little more work is required to can a vegetable than to can fruit; but for the woman who employs modern, scientific methods of canning, the results are just as certain.

ANY method of canning vegetables that fails to take bacteria into account is doomed to fail. As a rule, women shy at mention of bacteria; but this notion should be overcome. Whether we wish to acknowledge their presence or not, these minute plants are all about us, working weal or woe, and the only intelligent thing to do is to understand their habits, so that they may be dealt with effectively. It is perhaps possible to can fruit or vegetables successfully without any understanding of bacteria; but until scientists learned their ways, the results were uncertain and the product poor. Especially was this the case with vegetables.

Bacteria find most vegetables exceedingly favorable for growth. Vegetables contain a large amount of proteid, the favorite food of bacteria, and almost no acid, their pet aversion. Exactly the opposite is true of fruits, which contain little proteid but considerable acid. But even this is not all; vegetables could be easily canned if they contained only the bacteria found on fruits, as the temperature of boiling water is fatal when maintained for a few minutes.

The bacteria that infest vegetables, however, have a means of protecting themselves that is highly effective. Whenever conditions become unfavorable, they form thick-walled bodies called spores. These spores correspond to the seeds of higher plants; and, like seeds, they carry the bacteria over unfavorable seasons and let them grow when conditions are propitious again. The spores on vegetables are able to withstand the temperature of boiling water indefinitely, so the housewife using the old methods is helpless against them. The canning factory is successful, because it has special apparatus to secure higher temperatures which the spores cannot resist.

Nevertheless, a method has been devised by which the housewife may meet this very situation. Though the spores resist heat well, the growing bacteria are easy to kill. The solution, therefore, is to cause all spores present to grow. This is done by heating; it has been found that if they are subjected to the temperature of boiling water for an hour, they set up growth within a day, and may then be easily killed by a second boiling. Such is the method now used to can vegetables successfully. Some of the spores are slow in starting, so, to make assurance doubly sure, the best practise is to heat the vegetables for an hour, on three successive days.

Supposing, for instance, that we are canning string beans, the entire process to be followed is this: Select young and tender beans, and, after breaking them into suitable lengths, pack them into glass jars. Add a teaspoonful of salt for each quart. Fill the jars to overflowing with warm water, put the covers in place loosely, without the rubbers, and stand the jars in the wash-boiler on a false bottom of cloth or shingles; this bottom is merely to prevent breakage when heat is applied from beneath. Surround the jars with a few inches of warm water, place the cover on the boiler, and boil the water for an hour.

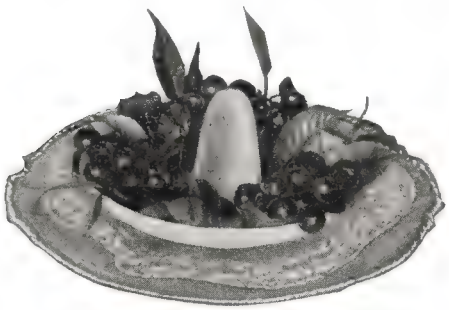
DURING the boiling, the steam completely surrounds the jars, and heats the contents thoroughly. This serves to kill all growing bacteria and to stimulate the spores. Put the rubbers in place, screw on the covers, and allow the jars to stand for twenty-four hours. Then remove the covers, take off the rubbers, replace the covers loosely, and steam the jars again for an hour. All spores that have begun growth will be killed by this heating, but a few may remain. There-

[Continued on page 64]

WHEN CHERRIES ARE RIPE

[*Continued from page 61*]

of white cherries, and simmer twenty minutes. Remove from fire, strain, add one-third of a boxful of gelatin softened in a little cold water, and stir frequently. Slightly salt the whites of four eggs, and beat until stiff and dry; then whip one pint of thick cream, and fold eggs and cream into the sirup as it thickens. Add a few drops of almond extract, turn mixture into a mold, cover closely, and let stand in ice and salt three hours. When ready to serve, turn out on a platter, and



WITH A PYRAMID OF POWDERED SUGAR

surround with fresh or glacé cherries; decorate the top with a few on stems with leaves.

CHERRY FRAPPÉ.—Boil a quart of water and two cupfuls of sugar for ten minutes; add two cupfuls of cherry-juice; strain, and freeze to a mush; then open the freezer, and add a large cupful of whipped cream. Stir lightly, close the freezer, and let stand an hour or two before using. Serve in long-stemmed glasses, and finish with a spoonful of whipped cream, and a judicious sprinkling of chopped blanched almonds.

CHERRY PUNCH.—Boil two cupfuls of sugar and one of water to a sirup; then add one pint of cherry-juice, one cupful of orange-juice, two tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice, one cupful of pineapple-juice, and one cupful of rose petals. Set in ice-box until needed. When ready to use, strain and dilute with plain or charged water, ice-cold. Serve in glass punch cups.

CHERRY COMPOTE.—Remove stones from a pound of sound ripe cherries. Make a sirup of one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of water, and the juice of half a lemon. When boiling hot, drop the cherries into it. Cover and cook slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes, or until fruit is tender without being broken. Take up carefully with a skimmer, dispose on a glass dish. Cook sirup a few minutes longer; then strain, and pour over fruit.

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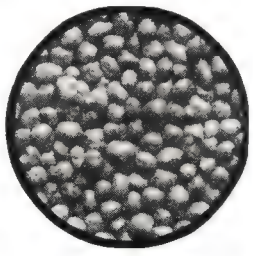

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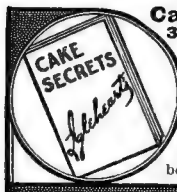

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10 Junket Tablets 10¢

CANNING SUMMER VEGETABLES

[*Continued from page 62*]

fore, seal the jars, let them stand another twenty-four hours, and then steam them a third time, for an hour. While they are still hot, seal them permanently. If these directions are carefully followed, the housewife may be sure the canned product will keep indefinitely.

Exactly the same process is used in canning other vegetables (except tomatoes). The only difference is in the preparation; generally, each vegetable requires special treatment before steaming begins. Cauliflower, for instance, should be separated into flowerets, carefully inspected for concealed insects, and stood head down for a few minutes in a pan of salted water before it is placed in the jars; and it should be covered with boiling instead of warm water. Beets should be boiled until they are tender before they are placed in the jars. Lima beans must be canned at once after shelling, if they are to retain their flavor. The wise housewife will use only young, sweet corn still soft, and if possible will have it in the jars within an hour after it is pulled from the stalk, in order to prevent the loss of the sugar content. In all these cases, however, the product is steamed for an hour on three successive days.

As tomatoes contain a considerable percentage of the acid unfavorable for bacteria, the process of canning them is much simpler and easier. Select tomatoes free from decay, so as to avoid spores, and those that are slightly underripe, as they contain the largest amount of acid. Sterilize the jars that are to be used, by washing them well and boiling them in water for ten minutes. Peel the tomatoes, salt them as for table use, and heat them in a preserving kettle until they just reach the boiling point. Without touching the inside of the sterilized jars with hands or cloth, put new rubbers in place and fill the jars to overflowing with the boiling tomatoes. Add a teaspoonful of salt and one of sugar to each jar, and seal at once.

TOMATOES may also be easily canned whole. Select smooth, slightly underripe tomatoes, remove the skins, and pack the tomatoes into jars. Salt them as for table use, and steam them for an hour on two successive days.

The selection of vegetables for canning is an exceedingly important point that many housewives overlook. Complete sterilization is much more difficult,

[*Concluded on page 65*]

The Dish That Cheers

Bran food, since it came to be advised, has brought a wealth of cheer. Eyes are brighter, faces pinker, spirits higher than before. For bran is Nature's cleanser.

But do you get enough? Do you like bran as you get it? If not, try Pettijohn's. This is soft wheat made into luscious flakes, hiding 25% of bran.

This morning dainty makes bran welcome. It invites the bran habit. Every doctor knows this.

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CANNING SUMMER VEGETABLES

[Continued from page 64]

even if the best methods are used, if decayed vegetables are selected; every decayed spot contains thousands of the thick-walled spores, and where so many are present some are liable to escape even the third heating. Vegetables that have matured to the point where they begin to harden should also be avoided, as the canned product in such cases is bound to be tough and flavorless. As a general rule, young vegetables are superior in texture and flavor to older ones.

It is a mistaken idea that vegetables will not keep in glass jars. This probably is due to the fact that vegetables put up in tin cans by canning factories usually keep well, while those preserved by housewives in glass jars all too often spoil. Success in the one case, however, is due, not to the tin, but to complete sterilization at a high temperature. Likewise, the failure of the housewife is due, not to the glass jars, but to her inability, with the old methods, to deal with the spores. As a matter of fact, glass is preferable to tin for two reasons. It is easier to clean the jars perfectly and to seal them well. Moreover, bacteria flourish in the dark and find light very unfavorable; few of those which spoil vegetables can work at all in direct sunlight.

There is one other successful method of preserving vegetables—the making of relishes, pickles, catchups, and the like. In these products, spices and vinegar are always used. Both of these are effective in preventing bacterial growth, but at the same time they destroy the natural flavor of the vegetable. Every housewife, of course, wishes an abundant supply of pickles and relishes. But even more she wishes to have an abundant supply of vegetables that retain their fresh, natural flavor; and these are to be had only from the canning factory or by using the method described above.

A TIME-SAVING DEVICE

By MARTHA KELLOGG

THE time required to sew on a new skirt-braid is unduly prolonged by the care one must take to prevent the stitching from showing through on the right side. This may be obviated by opening the hem far enough to insert a piece of cardboard about two by four inches, pushing it along through the hem and keeping it always just under where the braid is being sewn. It will make it impossible for the stitches to catch through.

Who Uses Crisco?
THE number of Crisco enthusiasts grows with every day—and thanks to the quality of the product, will keep growing as long as Crisco is made and women continue to cook.
Four years ago Crisco was offered as a new cooking material, to be used in place of butter and lard.
It created immediate interest on the part of those housewives who are ever on the alert for newer and better things.
Carefully, thoroughly—by practical use in the kitchen—they tried it out, to see whether it came up to the claims of its makers.
Having satisfied themselves, by actual experience, of the purity, richness, digestibility, economy and convenience of Crisco, they and their friends—and the friends of their friends—began to buy it in ever-increasing quantity.
If you have not given Crisco a trial, let the silent testimony of this army of users persuade you to do so.
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For Frying For Shortening
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Handsome Close Twill Weave Jacquard Design Hammock

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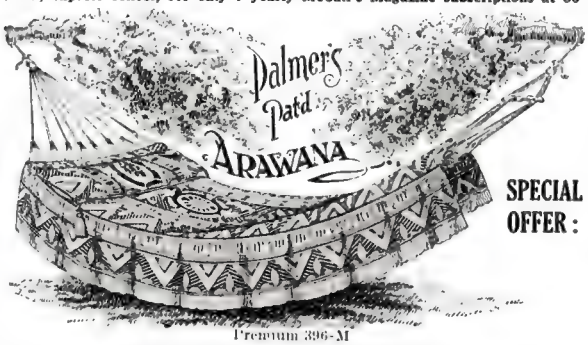

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Premium 396-M—The color effects in this hammock are very bright and pretty. Has concealed spreader at head; continuous stringing, lay-back pillow with buttons or tassels, wood bar at foot, with patented tips and adjustable hitch and rings, requiring no adjustable ropes or knots. Size 36x86 inches. Weight, 4 pounds.

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Making Motherhood Easy

By MRS. ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

OF THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, AUTHOR OF "BETTER BABIES AND THEIR CARE"; NATIONAL CHAIRMAN, DEPT. CHILD HYGIENE, CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.

"I didn't want to see people, Billy—I just wanted—you!"

He caught his breath sharply.

"Madge—dear girl—that?"

She nodded her head, and, with something very like a sob, he gathered her into his arms and held her close. For a moment silence hung over them both; then he flung back his head and looked at her, proudly, joyously.

"Are you glad—Billy, dear?"

"Am I glad? Gee whiz! Think—another Bill Hanford at Yale—and Bill Third on the good old office sign!"

THE whole of this beautiful, intimate story of glad prospective motherhood, and happy motherhood itself, is told in Mrs. Richardson's own charming way in her book, "Making Motherhood Easy," written for the makers of Eskay's Food for babies. It is just the sort of helpful book which should be in the hands of every prospective mother and every mother with a young baby to care for. Get it and keep it close at hand. All you need do is write us. The book will be sent postpaid, without charge.

In your mother-problems make free and full use of Eskay's Service Bureau for Mothers, which is in Mrs. Richardson's charge. Here is her own special message to you:

"If I can help any of you mothers—prospective or present—with your problems, please talk it out to me by letter and I will do all I can to help you find a solution. Address me care of Service Bureau for Mothers 432 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa."

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The only non-collapsible nipple. It never closes or clogs. Prevents colic, etc., due to improper or too rapid nursing. Send us your dealer's name and receive **Free** this soft, pliable and sanitary nipple.
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Everything needed from *birth* to *two years;* dainty dresses from 39c 40-piece layette $8.41. Maternity Corsets $1.50. Write for 60-page Catalog. MARIE H. STUART, 57 W 39th St., New York

FITTING THE CHILD TO SHOES

By LAURA GATES-SYKORA

DO you know that fitting shoes is a psychological study?" asked an enthusiastic young shoe clerk of me one day when I had commented upon the care with which he had measured and fitted my small girl to a pair of shoes.

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated; "it is a psychological study. Now, grown folks know, or ought to know, as soon as they put it on, whether or not a shoe is comfortable, and if they insist that they wear threes when we know they should have sixes, it is their own fault if the shoes prove uncomfortable. But with children it is different; they do not always know, at the time, whether or not the shoe is comfortable; or perhaps the mere fact of their being new shoes will outweigh for the moment the fact that they pinch a little.

SHOES SHOULD FIT A CHILD'S HABITS AS WELL ITS FEET

"Now, the first thing I ask myself when I get a small girl or boy for a customer is, 'Is he active or is he studious?' Because, if he is out playing Indian and kicking every tin can and stone he comes across, he needs a different shoe from the little girl who plays with dolls, or the other small boy who spends his time reading.

WHILE I am asking myself this, I take off the shoe, which often tells me much, and measure the foot. I feel of his arch, and if he has a high one, I get a shoe with a high arch; and if he has a low arch, I see that he has a shoe with a low arch. For the child of ordinary weight, I allow a size and a half larger for the shoe than the actual measurement of the foot, to allow plenty of room for the foot to spread. But if the child is heavy, I allow two sizes, as his weight will cause his foot to spread more.

"To judge whether or not a shoe is too narrow, I run my fingers along the three small toes; if they are curled up, a little wider shoe is needed. I note, also, the position of the child's big toe joint in the shoe, to be sure that the length of the shoe from that point to the tip is ample. A child can turn or curve its toes, but the joint is a fixed point.

"More people err in buying children's shoes too large than in getting them too small. The idea, of course, is to let the child have plenty of room to grow in; but just as much trouble can result from shoes that are too large as from those too small. The constant friction of a shoe against tender flesh may cause corns, callouses, or blisters; and the arch of the shoe giving an upward pressure at the wrong place is often the cause of a broken arch in the foot.

"For the child with weak ankles, there are shoes with whalebone supports in the back which keep the ankles from turning. These are especially good for the small girl or boy who is just learning to walk.

"The perfect footwear for the child with normal feet is the shoe of soft leather and flexible sole. A shoe of this kind allows the foot to be as natural as when barefooted.

However, many doctors advocate the shoe with a supporting arch, but, as a shoe clerk, it seems to me that the shoe which keeps the foot in the most natural position is the proper one."

I left the shop feeling I had learned several pointers in fitting children's shoes, and that I had discovered a hitherto unknown character—a shoe clerk interested in his business from a psychological standpoint.

The care of my child's feet has always been of great interest to me, as it means so much in the comfort and health of the individual.

Several pairs of shoes should be included in every child's wardrobe, if possible, for changing shoes helps to keep a child's feet in good condition. One pair of light-weight shoes should be kept for wear in the house. In winter, there should be two pairs of heavy outdoor shoes; these should be thick-soled, and of well-tanned waterproof leather. Elk-skin shoes are excellent, as they are light weight but waterproof and durable, and can be had for either boys or girls.

[*Concluded on page 67*]

FITTING THE CHILD TO SHOES

[*Continued from page 66*]

Summer, of course, calls for a somewhat different shoe. There are sandals and ankle-strapped slippers for every-day wear for the little tot, and for the older child, Oxfords, which may be had in the same quality and weight as shoes. There are pumps for the boy to wear to parties and dancing-school, and for the girl, tango slippers, which have ribbons that wind around the ankle to hold on the slipper securely. These are charmingly pretty for the little girl for "dress-up" occasions; they may be had in white, black, or bronze; the latter are very fashionable at present, and look particularly well with blue or yellow dresses.

Besides shoes, stockings must be considered when thinking seriously about the care of children's feet. A tight stocking may have a bad effect upon a child's foot, by pressing the toes under.

Lisle thread stockings are not good for sensitive feet, and, therefore, should never be bought for children; a cotton stocking of either heavy or light weight, according to the usage to be given them, being very much better.

MONTE CARLO STILL A PLAYGROUND

[*Continued from page 29*]

these perfect skies. Besides these smart bolero suits, one sees many pretty lingerie and softly colored linen frocks in the mornings. One of the daintiest and simplest dresses I have seen for many a year was worn by a tall, blond Englishwoman: it was a rose pink linen, with narrow black velvet girdle; and, as though to accentuate its simplicity, she wore a few field-flowers tucked into the girdle. Colors favored for these frocks are bluet, rose, watermelon-pink, and citron.

The second frock in my sketch was worn by a charming Russian with wonderful dark eyes and hair, at a luncheon on the Terrace. It was made of dark blue taffeta and flesh-pink organdy. The sleeves were of the transparent organdy, and there was a fascinating suggestion of the crinoline in the stiff little ruffles on the organdy underskirt. An odd, old silver buckle held the girdle and was the only ornament.

My holiday in Paradise is limited, and when I am back again in Paris I will write you all about the new fall creations. *"Ah! que ne peut-on rêver toujours!*

Que ne peut-on rêver toujours!"

Votre ami,

Clementine Dumas

Monte Carlo

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Sprinkle them from head to toe with Mennen's Talcum, filling every fat little crease and wrinkle—it makes them so comfortable and happy.

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Mennen's is correctly medicated to give just the right antiseptic efficiency.

It has carried the endorsement of doctors and nurses ever since it was brought out.

Mennen's Talcum can now be obtained in a variety of tints and perfumes, all made according to the famous Mennen formula, as follows: Borated, Violet, Sen-Yang, Narangia (a rich cream color), or Flesh Tint (not a rouge, but a delicate pink talcum). For sale by more than 100,000 dealers. Send 5c for sample of any one variety, or 25c for samples of all five.

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"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"
Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists.*
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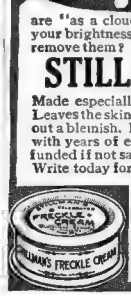

Complete relief from perspiration annoyance

This is what Odo-ro-no offers you. Two applications a week will keep your armpits normally dry and odorless, making dress shields entirely unnecessary.

Your dresses will be kept unstained, fresh and dainty, even in the hottest weather.

The truth about perspiration

"But—isn't it healthful to perspire?" you say. Of course it is, when you perspire naturally and normally over the entire body.

Extreme perspiration of one part of the body, however, is usually due to nervous overstimulation of the sweat glands. You have seen persons troubled in this way even in cold weather. It is a local condition which you can correct by local treatment, without in any way affecting the natural perspiration of the body.

The simple remedy

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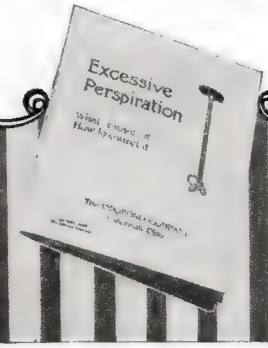
***Write today for sample** bottle of Odo-ro-no and this booklet. They will be sent for 6c and your dealer's name. Address The Odorono Co., 459 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*



A HOLIDAY FOR MOTHERS

By POLLY RICH

JUNE, July, and half of August gone," commented the Thoughtful One of the How and Why Club, telling off the months on her ink-stained fingers. "What are we going to do this fall, girls, to repay our mothers for the good times they have given us all summer? I know—" she pointed her yellow pencil severely at the gentle Brown-Eyed girl—"we usually don't think it necessary to do anything at all. We let them plan and slave for us all the year round—they don't get a summer vacation, poor dears!—and we never think of trying to repay them. I'm getting ashamed of it."

"So am I," the Brown-Eyed girl sighed. "Just think, girls, summer is barely over, with all its demands on them for parties and clothes for us, and now they are hurrying to get us ready for fall. And clothes aren't the only thing they've got to think about. There are our parties, and our chaperons, and our teeth, and our school-books, and our music lessons, and—oh, dear, hundreds of other things. It must be awful!"

STOP!" laughed Red-Top, clapping her hands to her ears. "You sound like the Sewing Circle. They had a groaning party at our house the other day, and they talked about how much there was to do, until they were all tired out."

"Well really, I do wonder how our mothers stand it sometimes," said the Bookish Girl. "Housework, churchwork, clubwork, sewing, and never any vacation! And all the time, with all the rest, they have to bring us up!"

"But aren't we 'up' already?" questioned the Practical Girl.

"Oh, no," sighed Brown-Eyes, "I heard my mother and yours discussing it, and they said this was the most 'difficult period'."

Her seriousness brought a shout from the girls. But the Blue-Eyed One, who had been silent, now looked up with that serious glow in her eyes that always commanded attention.

"Girls," she said, "why not give our mothers a holiday and undertake our own bringing up for a while?"

"But how—"

"They wouldn't let us—"

"We don't know enough—"

"What would we do—"

THE chorus of objections ceased as the Red-Haired Girl sprang to her feet.

"An inspiration!" she cried. "We all know what are the things our mothers are trying to teach us: to sew, to cook, to keep our things tidy, not to use slang, to remember our duties without being reminded, and to be thoughtful of other people—lots of things like that," she ended a trifle lamely.

"But I don't like to sew!" objected the Brown-Eyed One, and I never mean to sew. I shall write books, and earn money enough to hire my sewing done."

"I'll tell you what," said the Thoughtful Girl. "Let's make a list of all these things our mothers want us to do, and vote on each one. If we find any which we all agree are not worth while, we will publicly protest against them."

Instantly, the Thoughtful Girl had her pencil in use, and had drawn a line down the middle of her pad. One column she headed Virtues, and the other Accomplishments.

THE RED-HAIRED GIRL SPRANG TO HER FEET "AN INSPIRATION!" SHE CRIED

They were deep in the discussion of kindness and charity, and the amount of knowledge of cooking, sewing, and parliamentary procedure necessary to the perfect woman, when steps were heard upon the stairs.

"May we come?" called a cheery voice. "Mothers to see the club-room."

"Come on, come on!" chorused the girls.

"Oh, how lovely! Enchanting! Wonderful!" exclaimed the mothers as they topped the staircase.

"It isn't quite done, you know; the cushions aren't all made—Mother, see

[Continued on page 69]

A HOLIDAY FOR MOTHERS

[Continued from page 68]

this funny old trunk I was telling you about!"

"Just see how well Aunt Amy's rocker fits this corner!"

"Oh Mother, you must look out of this window and see—"

The girls were all talking at once, eager to show off their newly acquired domain, the Barton's attic "fixed up" for a club-room.

THE GIRLS DECIDED TO BEGIN THE GAME AT ONCE

Mrs. Perkins spied the Thoughtful Girl's full pad. "What is this?" she asked. "Are we interrupting a meeting?"

The Thoughtful Girl blushed, and turned to the rest.

"Let's tell; shall we?"

"Yes, let's! Do!" came the eager chorus.

So the Thoughtful Girl, consulting her pad, plunged into earnest explanations.

Whatever amusement the mothers may have felt at first, was lost in genuine admiration as they heard how thoroughly the girls had worked the whole thing out. The self-appointed tasks, or accomplishments, included keeping up to a good standard in school studies, keeping one's own bedroom in order, remembering one's rubbers and mackintosh on rainy days, keeping one's shoes brushed and gloves darned, running errands without complaining, getting Sunday supper.

UP to this point, the girls explained breathlessly, it had all been plain sailing. But the judging of the virtues had seemed difficult. They had been deep in a discussion of the matter, when the mothers had arrived.

"How are you going to test out the Virtues?" asked the Blonde Mother, smilingly. Somehow this particular mother always put her finger on the crucial point.

There was silence for a moment, and then the Red-Haired One said rather tragically:

"We don't know."

"We thought of the Colonel," said the Gray-Eyed One, "but he is so chivalrous, he wouldn't be a harsh enough judge."

"Might a mere mother make a suggestion?" asked the Mother with Silver Hair.

"Oh, do, please do!" the girls begged.

"Why not assume, first, that you have all these virtues, and then grade yourselves down if you prove lacking? It would seem priggish to go about congratulating yourselves because you had told the truth or remembered to fetch father's slippers. May I see the list?" she finished.

With hearty consent, the Thoughtful Girl handed her the pad.

"Truthfulness," she read. And under that heading the girl had noted "Not pretending to anything you haven't got. Not getting out of things by shaky excuses."

"Kindness" had many subdivisions and notes. "No knocking" was doubly underscored and so was "Not attributing mean motives".

"But how are we to punish ourselves when we fall from grace?" asked the Practical Girl.

"I have a plan," said the Blonde Mother, who had been quietly whispering to the Mother with Silver Hair. "Will you wait until I run over home?"

She was gone before they could reply, this girlish mother who was as impulsive as any of them; and it was not long before she was back, breathing a little rapidly from her haste and with the bright hair somewhat rumpled.

Opening a flat box divided into compartments, in which were beautiful Venetian beads of various sizes and glowing colors, she explained her plan.

SHE would give to each girl ten large beads and one hundred smaller ones, of which to make a chain. The box had just twelve divisions; and when it had been emptied of its contents, each compartment should be worked with a girl's initials. Whenever a girl transgressed, she was to detach a bead, large or small according to her own estimate of her fault, and put it back in the box.

"Of course, it leaves it to us; but I reckon we usually know when we have been naughty, if we are honest with ourselves," said Red-Top.

[Continued on page 72]

Proper Shampooing
Makes the
Hair Beautiful

It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

The hair simply needs, frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

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Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

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the skin is tender, inflamed and sore. It should never be rudely touched or rubbed—simply moisten a soft handkerchief or some absorbent cotton with

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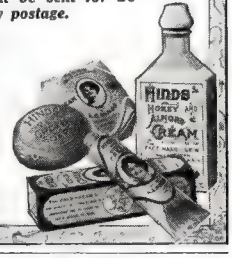

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LOOKING COOL IN AUGUST

By ANNETTE BEACON

AUGUST is a month which can make itself very unpleasant to the human race. None of us like to exhibit a moist and dripping countenance to the public; to look in our mirror only to be confronted with a complexion the color of a beet; and to be increasingly conscious of heated clothes with a tendency to cling.

A QUICK SPONGE-BATH IN THE AFTERNOON WILL LEAVE ONE FRESH AND COOL FOR THE EVENING

Looking attractive in the blistering days of midsummer, is an art—but not an art beyond the attainment of even the average woman.

If we can't always manage to feel cool when the mercury is hovering around the hundred mark, then, out of regard for the rest of the world, let us at least resolve to look cool!

So shall those who walk in discomfort rise up and call us blessed!

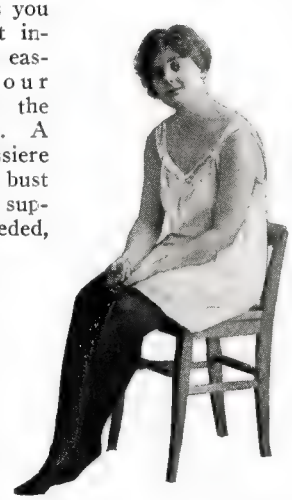
The bath-tub and the powder-puff are our best friends in summer. There should be a tub-bath, night and morning, followed by a cold shower or splashing with cool water, and the skin should be patted dry with a soft towel instead of rubbed briskly as in colder weather. Invest in a tin shaker with a handle, such as cooks use for sugar, salt, or flour; and fill with powder. Then, after the bath, stand on your bath-rug and shake powder over the entire body, wiping it very gently, afterward, with a large pad of absorbent cotton. Especially powder armpits and feet and the back between the shoulders.

Don't forget that a quick sponge-bath in the afternoon will repair the ravages of the day and leave one fresh and cool for the evening.

Shampoo the hair once a week, as the scalp perspires as freely as the rest of the body, and you cannot feel or look cool if the hair is moist and stringy. A tablespoonful of salts of tartar, instead of soap, in the water for your shampoo, will leave the hair fluffy. And, of course, to help keep the hair in curl, you may, if you choose, use a simple tragicanth curling lotion which you can prepare for yourself at home.

The question of clothes is, perhaps, the most important of all in solving the delicate problem of looking cool in August.

Don't wear too many! Unless you are very fat indeed, you can easily discard your corset during the sultry months. A thin net brassiere will keep the bust in shape, if a support be needed, and a lightweight tricot abdominal belt will take care of that part of the body, though in the loose gowns of summer neither is necessary.



DISPENSE WITH EVERY OUNCE OF SUPERFLUOUS CLOTHES

If you must wear a corset, choose one which has almost no bust at all, and is lightweight or porous.

Let me tell you what most of the professional models who pose for photographs wear—and, remember, they are chosen for their good figure. A combination undergarment (usually an envelope chemise) of crêpe de Chine, and—what else, do you suppose? Just a jumper dress and chiffon waist, or a skirt and blouse! No wonder they look cool and unflurried!

You need not go to this extreme, but you can dispense with every ounce of superfluous clothes. Don't wear anything which binds or fits snugly; let your sleeves be short and flimsy, the neck of your gowns V-shaped, your hose thin, your shoes low.

WHITE IS THE COOLEST COLOR FOR SUMMER

[*Concluded on page 71*]

LOOKING COOL IN AUGUST

[*Continued from page 70*]

Put on fresh hose and a fresh garment next your skin—shirt or chemise or whatever you wear—every morning, and again when dressing for the evening. You may exclaim at the amount of laundry, but truly, shirts and hose which can be squeezed into one hand are no tremendous task to wash.

Having taken care of the invisible woman, let us consider the visible woman, for though you may succeed in actually keeping yourself cool, you can still look warm to the perspiring people about you if you are not clever enough in the choice of the clothes you wear.

To begin with, avoid bright or somber colors. A red dress is so warm in appearance as to cause the beholder instinctively to reach for a fan, and black, dark brown, and all opaque colors look stuffy and uncomfortable on a hot day in August. Thin, filmy black? Well, if a pretty white arm shows through a sleeve of black chiffon, and the neck is loose and low, the effect is not so stifling; yet, it is not the kind of dress most pleasing in hot weather.

IF you want to create the effect of a cool breeze, wear always white in summer. Whatever your age, seven or seventy, you will never look so pretty, so cool, so fragrant, so altogether pleasing as in all white on a blistering August day. The perspiring youth who mops his forehead as he comes up your veranda steps, will be conscious of a drop in temperature as he looks at you, and will come away, later, vowing Nancy Brown's porch the coolest place in town.

White hose, white shoes (inexpensive, and easily kept clean with the various preparations on the market), white gowns: let these constitute your August slogan. And be sure that they are really white—not slightly soiled or rumpled, for then their charm is lost.

Don't wear a bandeau around your forehead in warm weather—it looks stifling and uncomfortable. If you want to wear it elsewhere in your hair, very well! But choose a cool color, though not white. White is really not pretty for the hair.

And cultivate an air of leisurely repose, these hot days. The girl who leans lazily back in her chair, with hands and feet at rest, and talks slowly and not loudly, makes the little space about her seem like the one cool and blissful spot in a sweltering world.

Editor's Note.—It is Miss Beacon's object to lend every aid to the woman who wishes to improve her appearance and her health. All inquiries will be cheerfully answered by mail, if a stamped, addressed envelope accompanies the request.

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Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid ON APPROVAL. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades cost a little more: ask for estimate. Write for our NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY.

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Like little mice, stole in and out."

NOW that Fashion has restored the full flare skirts, by that same sign she recreated Heatherbloom petticoats. Quick as ever to sense the direction of the style vane

HEATHERBLOOM
TRADE MARK

TAFFETA PETTICOATS

are now shown at all good shops in a wide range of new and striking effects—with all the lustrous charm and shimmering rustle of silk—but much less costly and far more durable.

Of Heatherbloom, Lucile (Lady Duff Gordon) says:—"I find the Heatherbloom Taffeta a most desirable fabric for petticoats. Its beauty and adaptability are a high compliment to the skill of American weavers."

Heatherbloom Petticoats also come in patent tops. This label in the waistband guarantees quality of material and workmanship.

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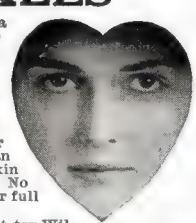

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We guarantee WILSON'S CREAM to give each woman satisfaction without harm or refund money. Freckles, tan and sunburn vanish, and the skin is left soft, clear and clean. No trouble to apply. Send $1.00 for full size jar, postpaid.

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We earnestly recommend Wilson's **"Fair Skin"** powder, "Naturelle," which takes the shine off, but does not affect the natural tint of any skin. You can get it also in White or Flesh tint. By mail, 50c per box.

Wilson's **"Fair Skin"** Soap is the equal of any imported soap, and is perfect. Try it. By mail, 25c per cake.

WILSON CREAM COMPANY Dept. A Charleston, S. C.

A HOLIDAY FOR MOTHERS

[*Continued from page 69*]

"And perhaps our Mothers would not object to giving us a hint, if they saw us getting absolutely hardened in sin," laughed the Brown-Eyed One.

"And will we never get the bead back?" asked the Gray-Eyed Girl, fingering lovingly the sea-green beads she had chosen.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you! That's the best part," replied the Blonde Mother. "You may win back a lost bead by three acts of an opposite nature to the one by which you lost it."

The girls decided to begin the game at once, and the mothers agreed to keep "hands off" and let the girls bring themselves up for two months.

And how did the bead-scheme work?

In October, the mothers were invited to Grandma Bradley's for tea. When the

IN OCTOBER, THE MOTHERS WERE INVITED TO GRANDMA BRADLEY'S FOR TEA

tea was brought and they were all settled cozily around the table, the Popular Girl's mother began:

"Well, I suppose this is to be an experience meeting—we're to render a decision? Very well, then. I wouldn't tell *them* so," she continued, "but I think those girls are wonderful! They have been rigidly honest and stern with themselves about their little peccadillos. Sometimes, I have wanted to beg my girl off, but no! she has insisted on giving up her bead, every time."

AND they love the beads so!" said another. "They seem to have become almost live things to my Brownie, and to me, too. I don't let her know it, but I count those big gold-flecked beads almost every day; and when one disappears for a time—" There was a suspicion of moisture in this gentle mother's eyes.

[*Concluded on page 73*]

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—when you buy your new clothes

—remember that Koh-I-Noors make it a snap to dress. Washing won't rust them, wringing doesn't loosen them, ironing can't crush them. *An improvement over the old hook and eye!* Sold at all notion counters, 10c a card of Twelve. Write for the new Premium Catalog.

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FASTENERS stamped K. I. N. are Koh-I-Noors and contain the Waldespring—essential for security and easy release. Look for them on ready-to-wear apparel.

Our latest invention, the Koh-I-Noor Placket Protector, prevents ripping your dress material at the placket. Sold with placket-protecting set of six Koh-I-Noors, 10c a card, with coupon.

Waldes & Co., Makers, 187-G Fifth Ave., New York City
The World's Largest Snap Fastener Manufacturers
Prague, Dresden, Warsaw, Paris, London, Montreal, Chicago

Koh-i-noor SNAP FASTENER Pat. Waldespring
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Given, prepaid, for only 4 yearly McCall's Magazine subscriptions at 50 cents each (75 cents a year in Canada)

Premium 626-M

Premium 626-M—It makes you save money. The first dime locks, the fiftieth dime unlocks. Automatically registers the deposit of each dime. Holds $30.00 in dimes. Impossible to take out any money until $5.00, or $10.00, or $15.00, and so on, has been deposited, when the bank opens automatically. Made of solid steel and iron, with handsome oxidized copper finish. Size 2½x3½ inches; weighs 10 ounces. A practical gift.

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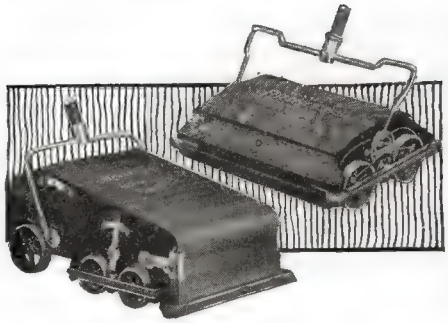

The Ideal Home Cleaning Combination Both BISSELL'S

The introduction of the new BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEEPER and CLEANER reduces house cleaning to a science. *Powerful, light running, easily handled,* they get the dust out of your rugs and carpets, no matter how hard it has been tramped in.

Use either vacuum model in connection with *Bissell's Cyco Ball Bearing Carpet Sweeper* and you have the ideal home cleaning combination. The vacuum machine does the thorough general cleaning—the carpet sweeper takes care of the everyday sweeping requirements, as it has for nearly 40 years.

The new BISSELL'S VACUUM machines are as easy to empty as they are to operate. The dust receptacle comes out with the nozzle in one piece. The litter pans dump with a finger movement. These conveniences lead in the points of superiority which make BISSELL'S VACUUM SWEEPER and CLEANER worthy of the BISSELL name and guarantee.

Prices are $7.50 for the VACUUM CLEANER (without brush) and $9 for the VACUUM SWEEPER (with brush). Slightly higher in the West, South and in Canada. Carpet Sweepers, $2.75 to $5.75. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World
Dept. 45, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too (214)

Freeman's Face Powder
(Made in U.S.A.)
has stood the test for thirty years. Why not test it yourself? Buy a box for 25c. If after using half you do not think it equal to any powder, no matter what the price, your dealer will refund your money.

25c
Write for Samples

Freeman Perfume Co., Dept. 59, Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS: $40 A WEEK
Wonderful New Hosiery Proposition

Guaranteed ONE YEAR Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. H. W. Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Mrs. Fields 109 pairs on one street. G. W. Noble made $35 in one day. Sworn proof. Sold only through agents.

Not for sale in stores. A hosiery proposition that beats them all. Your territory still open. Write quick for terms and free samples.

THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY
202 Oak St. Dayton, Ohio

A HOLIDAY FOR MOTHERS

[*Continued from page 72*]

"We seem to have them as much on our minds as ever," laughed another mother. "What about those spiritual vacations of ours?"

"I reckon it's too late for us to give up mothering entirely. But let me tell you what the plan has done for us," said the mother of the Red-Haired Girl. "You see, my Red-Top is fiery," she continued, "and I don't always think before I speak, and, as you all know, sparks sometimes fly, in the House-on-the-Hill. You don't know what a difference this has made! When I agreed to keep my hands off, I made up my mind to do it! It was hard, for a time, but I stuck to it, and now that feeling of irritation never comes between us. We are regular chums, and we give each other good advice and talk things over, without ever a sharp word or any feeling of rancor."

AND they are so conscientious about it, too," said the Popular One's mother. "What do you suppose my little girl did? I had sent her out to do some errands, and she came back with two of them not done. She said she hadn't time to do them. They were things that must be done that day, and it meant that her father had to go out after supper, when he was very tired.

"Well, Patty got to thinking about it; and told me she should take off two beads, one for untruthfulness and one for unkindness. I never knew my girl to tell a lie, and naturally I wanted it explained. When she told me how it was, I agreed with her. She had told the truth, but not the whole truth. She had met a boy who asked her to go to Dell's and have ice-cream soda. Of course, they stayed longer than she meant to; and had a good time, and after that there really was not time for the errands; but the real reason was her indulgence of a whim. The unkindness, of course, lay in the fact that poor Dad had to do the errands after his day's work."

"It keeps me busier than ever watching my own faults," confessed honest Mrs. Perkins. "I don't want to get too far behind."

SEALING JELLY JARS

By CARRIE EIKER

WHEN making jelly, instead of using Paraffin to seal it with, I wait until the jelly is cold, then take a teaspoonful of sugar and sprinkle it over evenly. The sugar will candy and, with this aid, the jelly will keep perfectly if a piece of paper is tied over the glass and the tin lid is adjusted.

FIRST lesson in the economy of dress—
Choose Omo Shields.
Then put a separate pair in each costume.

At all quality stores. Or send 25c and your dealer's name for sample pair, size 3. Booklet of Dress Shield Styles, FREE.

THE OMO MFG. CO.
52 Walnut Street, Middletown, Conn.

Makers of Omo Pants for Infants.

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL
ALWAYS FRESH
PURE-SWEET-WHOLESOME

GOLD DUST

really *works* for you

The woman who washes dishes with Gold Dust knows what this means—knows how Gold Dust itself takes off the dirt and grease, saving actual effort and tiresome labor.

The active principle of Gold Dust is so remarkably thorough that you rinse away the dirt and grease from *everything*, leaving a newness, cleanness and brightness that delight you.

The small quantity required is quickly taken up by hard or soft, hot or cold water—forming the perfect cleaning solution.

Use Gold Dust all over the house—in the bathroom, on linoleum or oilcloth, for cleaning and brightening pots, pans and cooking utensils, for giving luster to glassware, etc.

5c and larger packages sold everywhere

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"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

No uncertainty, no hesitation, no groping in the dark or stumbling over things if you have in your hand a handy, useful

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT

A bright, comforting stream of light at the touch of your finger with no matches—no oil—no danger of setting fire to anything.

Be sure you get the genuine EVEREADY Flashlight and the famous EVEREADY Tungsten Batteries. Made and guaranteed by the "Largest Manufacturers of Flashlights in the World"—then you'll be sure of having a light that you can always depend upon.

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of National Carbon Company
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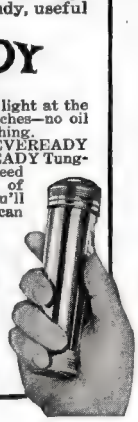

SUMMER WATCH-CASES

By CAROLINE A. POWELL

THE problem of how to wear a watch during the summer months, so that it will not soil a dainty white frock, nor be out of keeping with it, has always been a difficult one to solve. The average summer girl pins her watch to her waist, because she knows of no better way of disposing of it; but this is not only hard on the summer dress, as the metal soils the goods, but is inconvenient as well, since most watch-pins are so constructed that it is difficult to turn the timepiece around far enough to see its face.

Another usual way of carrying a watch in the summer-time, which is satisfactory for some occasions, is to wear it on the wrist in a stout leather strap. These straps do very well for mountain wear, with khaki and corduroys, or a serge traveling suit, but do not look appropriate with a filmy, lace and ribbon-trimmed summer gown. The watch on a gold link bracelet is pretty with almost any gown, but the up-to-the-minute summer girl has banished even this for wear during the warm months, deciding that the daintiest thing she can use with her drooping, rose-trimmed hats, her flowered parasol, and ruffled marquisettes, is the new, crocheted, wrist watch-case or fob. This crocheted case, she has found, not only protects her frocks from tarnish, but enables her to determine the correct time with greater ease, as, being soft and pliable, it twists readily. Furthermore, nothing could be more practical, as the cost of the case consists almost entirely of the work of making it.

The design may be developed in three ways: as a watch-fob with a crochet-covered pin attached, to fasten to the waist; as a wrist-case, fastened with a buckle, for a small-faced watch; or as a wrist-case, fastened with patent snaps, for a medium-faced watch.

FOB WITH CROCHET-COVERED PIN, SHOWING WATCH IN POSITION

FOB WITH CROCHET-COVERED PIN, SHOWING DESIGN OF BACK

WRIST-CASE FOR MEDIUM-FACED WATCH, WITH PATENT-SNAP FASTENING

WRIST-CASE FOR SMALL-FACED WATCH, SHOWING BUCKLE FASTENING

WRIST-CASE FOR MEDIUM-FACED WATCH, WITH WATCH IN PLACE

To MAKE THE WATCH-FOB, WITH PIN.—Take an ivory or bone ring that fits around the face of the watch without hiding the figures. Use Crochet Cotton, No. 15.

Cover the ring with s c. 2nd row; 3 ch in every 3rd s c. 3rd row; 3 s c in each 3 ch.

If the face is small and metal around it wide, repeat rows 2 and 3 until wide enough.

FOR THE BACK.—1st row; 5 ch, join. 2nd row; 1 ch, 10 s c in 5 ch; join. 3rd row; 3 ch in each s c. 4th row; 2 ch, 2

[*Continued on page 75*]

SUMMER WATCH-CASES

[*Continued from page 74*]

d c in each 3 ch, with 2 ch between. 5th row; slip-stitch to ch; 5 ch in each 2 ch. 6th row; 3 s c in each 5 ch; 3 ch between; join. 7th row; 1 ch; 1 s c on top each s c; 4 s c in each 3 ch.

The back and front are same size; add rows of single to back, if not large enough. The edges of each should have same number of s c. Join face and back with 1 ch back and forth, skipping alternate s c. Leave room for watch to slip in, almost one-quarter of circumference.

Fasten on face; do not cut thread. Slip-stitch over 5th s c, 10 ch; catch in 5th s c from opposite point of joining; slip-stitch to end of opening, fasten on back. When the top of back is finished, it will be slipped through this loop and thus hold the watch secure.

To Finish Top of Back.—Crochet s c in alternate s c of those left in opening; turn. 3 ch; 1 d c in each s c; turn. 4 ch; 1 d c in alternate d c; 1 ch between; turn. 3 ch; 1 d c in each ch; turn. 3 ch; 1 d c in each d c (2 rows). Increase by adding 1 d c at each end and 2 d c in middle for 3 rows.

Put in watch and slip top of back through loop of 10 ch.

Fasten to the waist with a crocheted pin or a fancy beauty-pin.

Wrist Case for Medium-Faced Watch.—Repeat the directions for crocheting the hanging case as far as "To finish the top of back". 1st row; crochet s c in alternate s c of those left in opening, omitting enough to have 10 s c; turn. 2nd row; 3 ch, 1 d c in each s c, omitting one in center; turn. 3rd row; 3 ch, 1 d c in each s c, omitting one in center; turn. 4th row; repeat 3rd row. 5th row; repeat 3rd row.

There are now 6 d c. Make 14 rows of 6 d c. If the wrist is slender, make only 10 rows of 6 d c. Increase by adding 1 d c in center of row for 6 rows, till you have 10 d c in last row.

Sew a small snapper at each end of last row, and fasten under the case.

After putting the watch in the case, turn into position, put the strap under the loop of 10 ch, to hold the watch secure, and snap the strap.

Wrist-Case for Small-Faced Watch.—Take an ivory ring that fits the face of the watch. 1st row; cover ring with s c. 2nd row; 3 ch, fasten in every 3rd s c. 3rd row; 3 s c in each 3 ch. 4th row; 4 ch, fasten in center of each 3 s c. 5th row; 3 s c in each 4 ch; 2 ch between.

For the Back.—1st row; 5 ch; join. 2nd row; 1 ch; 10 s c in 5 ch; join. 3rd

[*Concluded on page 77*]

YOUR vacation as well as your other summer activities will mean more to you if your hair looks its best every minute. With the very first use of a

Canthrox Shampoo

you discover that the soft massy fluffiness it develops has made your hair seem much heavier than it really is, and that the strands are so easy to manage that arranging them becomes a pleasure. Canthrox is not a cleanser for all purposes, but it is made expressly for shampooing the hair, stimulating its growth and removing dandruff.

Less Trouble than a Trip to the Hairdresser

To use: Just dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water and apply. The refreshing lather dissolves all dandruff, excess oil and dirt, so that they are entirely removed and the scalp is left sweet and clean.

15 Exhilarating Shampoos—50 Cents at Your Druggist's
This is about three cents for each shampoo. No good hair wash costs less.

FREE SAMPLE—Canthrox Shampoo proves its value without cost to you. We gladly mail one shampoo free.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., 212 West Kinzie Street, Dept. 64, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

OUR BIG AUGUST BARGAIN!

Dainty Rose-Bead Necklace

(Choice of Six Exquisite Flower Colors)

Given, prepaid, for only 2 yearly McCall's Magazine subscriptions at 50 cents each (75 cents a year in Canada)

Premium 1133-M—The Rose-Bead Necklace with its touch of sentiment, its rich natural flower color, its dainty rosebud design and its deliciously delicate perfume simply couldn't help being popular. And the beauty of it is you can pick the color necklace that goes best with your favorite dress. Here are the six colors we offer, each (except the first) named after the flower it most resembles:

Nell Rose	**Geranium Red**
Forget-me-not Blue	**Heliotrope**
Carnation Pink	**Poppy Yellow**

The beads are, of course, larger than the illustration and the chain is 15 inches long specially fitted with a Safety Ring Clasp. Made of genuine rose leaves and a vegetable compound, sweetly scented. Sun-baked, strong and durable. Thousands of Rose-Bead Necklaces very similar to the above both in quality and design have been sold at $1.00 apiece and even higher. We offer these beads at such a bargain that we feel sure many girls and women will secure two or three necklaces. Mention which of the six colors named above you prefer.

Size 15 inches long — Premium 1133-M — Fitted with Safety Ring Clasp

SPECIAL OFFER: **One of these dainty Rose-Bead Necklaces described above, given prepaid for sending only 2 yearly McCall's Magazine subscriptions at 50c each (75c a year in Canada). Or, sent for 1 McCall subscription and 25c additional—75c in all ($1.00 in Canada). Or sold alone for 49c in U. S., 64c in Canada.**

All subscriptions to count toward this Premium must be sent direct to

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236 to 246 W. 37th St., New York City, N.Y.

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For the toilet and bath assisted by occasional applications of Cuticura Ointment. You may try these fragrant super-creamy emollients before you buy them.

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Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

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Yes, we will ship you, on 4 full weeks absolutely free trial in your own home, a highest grade Wing Piano or Player-Piano, **Upright or Grand,** DIRECT from *our own factory,* all freight prepaid. Your choice of 38 new art styles.

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IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING IRON—Makes Ironing Easy

Best and safest self-heating iron in the world for housewives, mothers and seamstresses. Better, more economical and convenient than electricity or gas. Heated 10 hours for 1 cent. Write today for **10 Days FREE Trial Offer** and FREE Booklet "Ironing Comfort." *Dealers and Agents Wanted.*

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co., Dept. 878, 1210 W. Harrison St. Chicago

WANTED—A HERO

[*Concluded from page 12*]

She had created a Hero! She had written a Man! Happily, Betsy waltzed around the room, after which she cuddled down into the biggest chair and patted the letter as if it were alive. Then, suddenly, some of the joy went out of the little tired-of-waiting face because there was nobody to tell, nobody to share her happiness, nobody to be interested, nobody to be glad with her. The dusk came in and found Betsy still sitting there in the big chair, holding the letter in her hand.

A knock at the door aroused her. Betsy rose and lit the gas. When she opened the door, the Young Doctor walked in. He looked pale and tired, as if he had been losing sleep or working too hard, or fighting a battle of some kind. Betsy gave a little gasp at the sight of him. Then she held out her hand. The Young Doctor took it and crushed it in his own.

"I couldn't stay away any longer," he said slowly, his eyes frank and grave and eager upon Betsy's face, "so I came back, Betty, child."

"I am glad you've come," said Betsy, withdrawing her hand and cuddling back into the depths of the big chair, "because I want to tell you the news. It took away half the happiness because there was no one to tell." Like a restless child, too alive to stay quite still, Betsy flitted out of the chair and up to the Young Doctor. She laid her hands upon his sleeve. "I've sold the story, the story with the hero in it whom you helped me find, and I want to thank you. I could never have written it if it hadn't been for you."

"Nonsense!" said the Young Doctor, his face very grave. "Don't thank me."

A little pained look appeared on Betsy's face. She removed her hands from the Young Doctor's sleeve and moved back a step or so, raising her eyes pleadingly.

"Aren't you glad?" she asked plaintively. "Aren't you just a little bit glad for me?"

"No," said the Young Doctor, "I'm not glad. Oh, I know I ought to be, Betty dear, but I'm not. I'll have to confess. I hoped you wouldn't sell the story. All these weeks I've hoped it."

"Oh," said Betsy, surprised and hurt, "you hoped—I—wouldn't sell the story?" Then, more slowly—"Will you tell me why?"

"Yes, Betsy, I'll tell you. I hoped you wouldn't sell the story—because I love you."

"But I don't see," said Betsy bewildered.

"Betty, child," said the Young Doctor, his words swift and pleading, "I love you, but I haven't much money, you know; and it will be years before I have much. I couldn't ask you to give up anything to come to me. If you can be a success, I couldn't take you—yet. And I want you so—now. So I decided if you sold the story that I wouldn't ask you. It wouldn't be fair. Don't you see, dear?"

Betsy nodded soberly, and the Young Doctor squared his shoulders. "Now we won't talk of that any more," he said with assumed cheerfulness. "May I read the story? Did you make the small messenger boy, the old bookseller, the sailor, the minister, the fireman, or the Italian, the hero? Bring it out. Let me read it."

"No you can't read it," said Betsy.

"Why, Betsy!" exclaimed the Young Doctor. "You might let me read it. Please."

"No, you can't read it," repeated Betsy. "I can't let you read it, because, you see—you are the hero."

"*I* am the hero!" exclaimed the Young Doctor, rising and standing over Betsy's chair. "But I—I'm not at all that kind of chap. I'm certainly not material for a hero. I'm—I'm just a human kind of man."

Triumphantly, Betsy lifted her little face to the Young Doctor's.

"That's just the point," she explained. "You are just a man. That is why I made you my hero, and that is why I sold the story. Why, all the time, every night that you took me around in the Big Hospital, I saw that you were really the hero. Not the men who got hurt in their bodies committing one act of bravery. Almost anybody can be brave—once. But you—you and the other doctors—get your heart and soul hurt hourly, and you are brave all the time—every day. It's the people who stay brave who are heroes. I didn't use to see it clearly. But the night you helped the Little Lad fight the Big Enemy Pain—why, then I saw it clearly. Here I'd been chasing a hero when I had one with me all the time."

"No, no, I'm not a hero, Betsy," said the Young Doctor steadily, "I'm just a blundering kind of man. But I love you, sweetheart, more than any hero in any story that was ever written ever loved a girl."

Then the little-boy look came into the Young Doctor's eyes. He reached down and picked Betsy up out of the big chair and held her close.

"Some day I'm going to run off with you," he threatened, as he kissed her.

"If you don't," threatened Betsy in return, "I'll sit on the stairs and cry for a hero again."

Keep the Bathroom Odorless

and toilet bowl free from discolorations by using *Sani-Flush*. Rid yourself of the most disagreeable household task. Directions on can. Not a general cleanser—does only one thing and does it thoroughly. Money back if it fails.

Sani-Flush

keeps toilets clean as new. Don't think that because the *bowl* looks *clean* it is sanitary. The *trap* may be incrusted. If it is, it will give off objectionable odors. Don't wait for the toilet bowl to get stained; start using *Sani-Flush* now and there won't be any odor in the bathroom. Patented—nothing just like it.

25c a can

Your grocer or druggist probably has *Sani-Flush*. If not, send us his name and 25c for a full-size can postpaid.

The Trap which *Sani-Flush* reaches, cleans, *keeps* clean

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
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ARE YOU THE BOY

We Are Looking For?

We are looking for a live boy in every town in the United States to do a little easy work for us during spare time. He must be honest, wide-awake and ambitious. We will pay him liberally either in Cash (to help him start a bank account) or in Premiums—just the things every boy wants.

This Dandy Bicycle Given Away!

It is only one of the many fine rewards any boy can earn easily, without money, if he is the right kind of a boy. If you would like a chance to make some pocket money, or to get the bicycle, or camera, or watch, or catcher's mitt, or steam engine, or printing press, or anything you have wanted for a long time; and if you think you are the boy we are looking for in your town, then sit down right now and send a postal card asking for our great offer to boys. Write your name and address plainly.

Address, "The Bicycle Man", The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City, N. Y.

SUMMER WATCH-CASES

[*Continued from page 75*]

row; 4 ch; 1 d c top of each s c; 1 ch between. 4th row; 3 ch; 1 s c in each 1 ch. 5th row; 2 s c in each 3 ch; 4 ch between. 6th row; 2 d c in each 4 ch; 4 ch between. 7th row; 4 s c in each 4 ch; 2 ch between.

Join face and back with 1 ch between, skipping alternate s c. Leave room for the watch to slip in, from a third to a fourth of the circumference.

Fasten on face, do not cut thread. Slip-stitch over 5 s c; 10 ch; catch in 5th s c from opposite point of joining; slip-stitch to end of opening; fasten on back.

To Make Strap.—Make 10 s c across opening, omitting alternate or even more s c, if necessary; turn. 2nd row; 3 ch; d c in each s c, omitting one in center. 3rd, 4th and 5th rows; repeat 2nd row until there are but 6 d c to a row.

Make 17 rows with 6 d c in a row; or 12 rows, if the wrist is very slender.

Decrease by omitting 1 d c in center till a point is reached with but 2 d c in it.

On the side opposite where the strap was started, crochet 8 d c.

Decrease by omitting 1 d c in each row until 6 d c are reached.

Make 4 rows of 6 d c; sew a small buckle on the end.

These small buckles of steel may be bought at any harness-store.

Place the watch in the case, turn into position, slip the strap through the loop of 10 ch to hold the watch secure, and pass the strap through the buckle. Turn the end of the strap under buckle.

While white is always the most attractive color, any thread matching the dress can be used.

If the white watch-case is put in a box of powdered magnesia every night, it will keep clean much longer.

RECEIPT FOR RAISIN VINEGAR

By WILLIE WOODRUFF

TWO pounds of raisins (it does not matter if they have not been seeded). One pound of sugar, two gallons of boiling water. Pour into a stone jar and stir daily for six or eight days. Let remain until fermentation ceases, strain and bottle. This makes a good, mild, amber-colored vinegar, very nice for table use and for salads. If made during the season when elder flowers are in bloom, a quart of the blossoms picked from their stems, put in the boiling water, and allowed to remain in during the fermentation, will add a pleasant flavor to the vinegar. In about six weeks the fruit will have settled in the bottom of the jar, and the vinegar will then be ready to strain and bottle. It improves with age.

"That's My Corn"

What a Confession!

Something hits a shoe. There's a flash of pain, and the victim says, "That's my corn."

"My corn," pared and coddled for years, perhaps. It's as needless as dirty hands.

A **Blue-jay** plaster, applied in a jiffy, would end that pain instantly. And the B & B wax that's in it would terminate the corn in two days.

No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. The corn loosens and comes out. It disappears forever.

It's hard to prevent corns while having dainty feet. But it isn't hard to end them. A million corns a month are ended in this easy **Blue-jay** way. You do yourself injustice when you suffer from a corn.

Half your friends have proved this.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
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An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

BALDPATE

Registered in U. S. and Canada

HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil.

Trial will convince you.
Makes the hair light and fluffy.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1.00

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We want one good responsible woman in every town and city to show our splendid dress fabrics, petticoats, muslin underwear, corsets, hosiery, knit underwear and handkerchiefs. Liberal commission, attractive outfit free. No experience required. We teach you to earn a good income. Write at once for territory and working plans. Samples ready Aug. 1. **MUTUAL FABRIC CO., Dept. 479, Binghamton, N. Y.**

THE WONDER WOMAN

A SERIAL STORY

[*Continued from page 10*]

The answer came back in a few days:

"Don't be ashamed. Tell me of her, please."

Because the hour of Haidee's convalescence, when I could greet her face to face, was postponed from day to day, and because my thoughts were full of her, I was glad to answer this letter. I told Janet Jones of Haidee as she had requested. I described her minutely—her little hands and feet, her delicate rose cheeks, her brilliant lips and deep dark eyes. And I told her that I called her Haidee.

The chair had reached completion. Upholstered in burlap and stuffed with moss, it stood in the small rustic pergola outside the cedar room, awaiting Haidee. Joey's hassock rested beside it. And, one day, after I had worked myself into a state of fine frenzy at the delay, I was told that she was sitting in state in the new chair awaiting me. I hurried to the Dingle, parted the underbrush, and stood gazing at my wonder woman before she was aware of my coming.

She sat leaning back in the big chair. She looked very artless and young as she reclined there. The rough silk of her robe was blue—the rare blue sometimes seen in paintings of old Madonnas. Her lovely throat was bare. Her creamy hands with their pink-tinted nails lay idly clasped on her lap; and her feet, resting on Joey's hassock, were shod in strange Oriental flat-heeled slippers with big drunken-looking rosettes on the toes.

"You are quite recovered?" I asked, stepping forward.

"Oh, Mr. Dale!" she cried, and choked on the words. And I found myself bending above her with both of her hands in mine, looking down into the big starry eyes.

I summoned my voice at last and spoke rather indistinctly: "Joey and I have been awaiting your convalescence impatiently. Joey has been very anxious about his Bell Brandon, as he calls you."

She still sat with her hands in mine, and she looked up at me with a crystal clear gaze, and replied unsteadily: "I like Joey's name for me. Does he really call me that?"

"Why," I said, "I have even ventured to call you so in mentioning you to Joey."

I released her hands and seated myself on the steps below her. There was a silence. The sun slipped behind a cloud. The shadows in the Dingle deepened to invisible green velvet. In the perfume and hush I could hear my heart beat. It was very still. A cat-bird called from the thicket, the hum of bees buzzing among the clover in the meadow came to us with a Sabbath sound.

Haidee looked at me and smiled. "It is very restful here. How is your other patient progressing?"

"Very well, I believe."

"This is a splendid sanatorium. I had some wonderful dreams in that cedar room."

"I would like to hear about them. I am curious to know what dreams the room induced," I answered, with rather too much *impressement*, I'm afraid.

She leaned her head against the burlapped chair-back and lowered her lashes against her cheeks. Two weeks had intervened since I had seen her last, only two short weeks, and yet she seemed to have undergone a subtle transformation. There were lines about her exquisite mouth, an ethereal sweetness about her downcast face. She seemed closer to me than she had yet seemed, more in tune with my world and yet immeasurably remote.

"The dreams were very sweet—dear, restful dreams—"

"Yes," I said gently.

"They were dreams of homey things—simple plain things—and yet there was a zest in them—a repose—a complete forgetfulness."

"Forgetfulness?"

"Yes. Isn't forgetfulness the Nirvana of the Hindu? If we remember—we may regret. If we have no thought backward or forward, we are blissfully quiescent."

I watched a yellow warbler preening itself on a swinging bough of a tamarack. "It is easier to have no thought forward perhaps," I said slowly, after a pause.

"You think so, too? I believe that. The past is an insistent thing—a ghoulish thing—waving shrouded arms over the present. The future is veiled. But the thought of it is stimulating and refreshing. And it is unobtrusive."

She spoke quaintly, turning her head sidewise on the rough cushion. The line of her throat, the tiny fluffy ringlets at the roots of her hair, the dimple in her round cheek, stirred my blood strangely.

"Tell me something more of yourself," I blurted out abruptly.

She started. He eyes grew bleak, her face that had shone warmly pale changed and stiffened to marble But she only said in a cold voice: "There is so little to tell." After awhile, she added: "Perhaps some day you will tell me your story."

I sat and watched the yellow warbler, reflecting on the strange relief it would be to recite to sympathetic ears my pent-up dreary tale, my baleful tale of a scourging past, of present loneliness and hard, plain living. It was the sort of tale that is never told—unless the teller be a driveller. I laughed cheerlessly; and, some way, the brightness of the hour was clouded by the fantom of the past that Haidee's words had invoked. And the fantom dared to stand even at the gate of the future and demand toll, so that neither past, present, or future was a thing to rejoice in.

My face must have grown grim. I clenched and unclenched my hand on my knee. Haidee's voice continued: "But, in the mean time, you don't know me, really, and I don't know you—the real you; and it's interesting—rather—to speak to each other like sliding fantom ships that pass to opposite ports."

"I am what I am," I answered quickly.

"Dear me—of course. But you were not always what you are now. That's the point. And, some day, I'll persuade you to tell me all."

I was afraid to look at her—afraid lest she might read my adoration in my glance. I longed to bend down to her, to take her small, wistful face in my hands and kiss the brave bright eyes. Her lips were parted, red as poppy petals, and her head had fallen back again on the cushion.

She laughed shakenly at my vehemence, and shrank back a little from me as I held out my hand.

"Good-by," I said, "for to-day." And when she yielded me her hand at last, I pressed it lightly and let it go.

I had never realized until that moment the hopelessness of my love for Haidee. I had been filled with a vague romantic idealism where my wonder woman was concerned; but, suddenly, I was restless and dissatisfied with myself; and when I fell asleep that night, I dreamed of her. Once I awoke, dressed completely, and walked outside the workshop in the clear balmy air of the night. I lay down on the river bank and watched a particularly big bright star that hung just over the crest of Nigger Head. I thought of Janet Jones, and I was glad I had told her of my wonder woman. I knew I should never see her, but her sympathy was sweet to me; and, thinking of her, I went back to the workshop and crept in beside Joey, and with my arm about the lad, slept dreamlessly until morning.

[*Continued in September McCall's*]

MORE ABOUT THE FEBRUARY GIRL

REASONS WHY SHE SHOULD NOT BE NAMED PEGGY

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE FIRST-PRIZE WINNER!

HERE are the remaining prize-winning names in the February contest. Probably, they are not the names you and I had chosen for Hamilton King's pretty girl, but when we consider that the judges had to pick thirteen names from the many thousands you suggested, it is easy to see that some of us have to be disagreed with. So here's unselfish congratulations to the lucky winners! "Dear" seemed such a clever way out of the difficulty of naming the February Girl, that both Miss Davies and Miss Ferris were awarded prizes for the name.

ERNESTINE

Despite the frilly, feathery, feminine adornments; despite the sensitive lips and the curved throat, virility and great mental strength are shown in this picture. The far-seeing eyes behold a vision of what may be; the firm chin denotes the ability to make the ideal real. Feminine follies are not a part of Ernestine, but the wisdom of the ages, which is the inherent birthright of every good woman who is to be the sweetheart, the wife, or the mother of a man, is hers. This woman-girl, or this girl-woman, as you will, possesses the virtues of both sexes and the vices of neither. She most certainly needs a name that is both masculine and feminine.

Here's to you, Ernestine! And here's to the artist who created you! *Vive le Roi!*—ELIZABETH D. PRESTON.

Somebody asks what was the Editor's choice? It veered between Doris, Betty, and Peggy—odds in favor of Doris, but no Real Reason! Just one of those feelings!

DAPHNE

Why? Because to me, the name is akin to Daffodils ("Daffy-down-dillys" as we used to call them when we were bairns), and that word calls up a vision of a glorious countryside, bathed in sunshine and fragrant with the perfume of spring—and daffodils—ay, thousands of them in their fragile dainty beauty. Daphne's face reminds me of them, and surely her nature must be such as to add to the sunshine and happiness of the world. A similar mission do the daffodils perform. —K. HUDDART.

CONSTANCE

Because the name is essentially feminine; it belongs to woman to be constant. Femininity I see in the soft curves of face and neck, the loose curls, the dainty attire; but—constancy I see in the smooth brow, the tender, earnest—and if the word may be used in speaking of a picture—unfaltering gaze, the sweet and generous mouth with its straight line, the strong chin, the fearless poise of her head; and—in the modest non-extreme of her dress.—KATHARINE J. MURPHY.

ELIZABETH

The pretty girl should be named "Elizabeth", because:

There's just tilt enough to her nose to call her "Betty", for short; a saucy enough chin to warrant "Betsy"; soft eyes to answer to "Bessie"; a soft, sweet expression to her whole face that calls for "Beth"; and she's just downright pretty enough not to care if spiteful girls call her "Lizzie".

So, summing up all these, together with that red hair, like old Queen Elizabeth of England, she should be called that quaint, old-fashioned name, from which all these other names are derived, "Elizabeth".

—F. FURLONG.

"DEAR"

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Shall we name our lady fair
Cora, Katherine, or Claire,
Lena, Laura, Flora, Fay,
Betty, Letty, Kate or May?
Or—what *shall* we name her, pray?
Margaret is too sedate;
She's not bold enough for Kate.
Hannah couldn't fit that face
With its ruff of fairy lace!
Carolyn or Christabel?
Neither seems to suit her well.
Mary, you recall, means bitter—
No! There's just one name to fit her!
If I named her, why, I fear
I'd just have to call her "Dear"!

VIRGINIA

February is the month Romans set apart for purification; so February stands for purity. Then, the name Virginia means purity. Therefore, since she is a February girl, and both month and name mean the same, I suggest Virginia as an appropriate name for her.

—BESSIE M. POST.

Dozens claimed the first prize, after we announced the winning name—not at all strange, as hundreds voted for "Peggy", although very few for "Peggy McCall"—but the real prize-winner sent us in an exact copy of her contribution. And, of course, that settled it!

MARY

By MARY WILLIAMS DEVOE

What though the name is old and oft repeated?
What though a thousand beings bear it now,
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted?
What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow?
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye.
And yon bright star we hail,
Although its looming,
Age after age, has lit the Northern sky.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name.
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
And in the perfect whole the parts combined;
So have I garnered up dear woman's graces,
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

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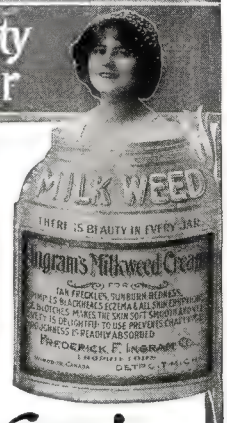

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A JAPANESE GARDEN

[*Continued from page 27*]

We are told of the complicated technical vocabulary relating to gardens. A whole set of names exists for the different kinds of garden lanterns and the water-basins. Nineteen kinds of screen fences are enumerated. The stones which constitute the skeleton of the composition go by such fanciful designations as the "guardian stone", the "stone of worship", "sentinel stone", "wave-receiving stone", "sea-gull resting stone", or "moon shadow stone": four of these are required to be in a horizontal position, and five erect. The trees are called "principal tree", "view perfecting tree", "sunset tree". Bridges are also of importance, the "moon bridge" receiving its name from the reflection which is supposed to complete a full circle. Each object has its assigned position, the "principal tree" and the "guardian stone" together, always acting as the key-note to a garden.

Sometimes famous natural scenery of Japan is symbolized; sometimes the garden is made to represent another garden of historic significance; usually it is just a delightfully varied and interesting suggestion of wider landscape. I have seen, through an open doorway or window, hidden away in two or three feet of space at the back of some wretched house or poverty-stricken shop, a little vista of rocks, with a trickle of water, a few fens, a stone lantern, and a dwarf pine tree. So perfect were the proportions that the impression was of a cool glade in the far away mountains. More familiar to many readers, perhaps, are the toy gardens laid out with hilly islands, trees, bridges, boats, pagodas, tea-houses, and resting sheds, all within the confines of a saucer.

The advisability of trying to reproduce a Japanese garden, however, is questionable. The elaborate symbolism is all meaningless to us. It would be far better to adopt some of the practical suggestions about the use of non-deciduous trees, possible substitution of beautiful rocks and grasses for our present gaudy flower-beds shaped with the eternal cooky-cutter of American taste, the effectiveness of a little water in the form of a tiny fall or gold-fish pond, the consideration in the making of the garden, of four seasons in the year instead of one.

It was a windy day in March, after a solemn conclave of landlord, policeman, three or four official-looking gentlemen, and half the neighborhood, that the word went forth for the cutting down of the Great Tree in our little Roof-Garden in Tokyo. The Crows and I protested, but in vain. It seemed to me that the Garden would be spoiled with the Tree gone.

The men arrived early the next morning, each carrying his private cushion to fasten to the limb where he was going to establish himself for work. They climbed the trunk like monkeys, made an elaborate mechanism of ropes by tying one end around the end of a branch and fastening the other securely to the trunk, and set to work to lop the branches off, and lower them, by means of the ropes, to the ground. Finally, they cut the trunk down in five or six sections, and the Tree was no more. Immediately, an entire shifting of scene was called for behind the curtain. Landscape gardeners arrived, without, I believe, any of the stipulations of one famous old artist in Kyoto, who agreed to make the garden of a certain wealthy nobleman, provided that no restriction as to expenses, no time limit, and no interference whatever with the work be made. The landlord himself set to clipping each needle of each pine-tree growing in the Garden. The weed woman was on hand to assist. Three small evergreens were taken up from their position near the bamboo railing, and the roots carefully bound in straw until the location of the trees should be carefully determined. A cypress, a species of large laurel, and several other trees were dumped near the fence. Ancient lichen-covered rocks appeared. The stone of Nita Yoshisada was dug out and moved forward nearer the roots of the old Tree. The cypress was planted in the hollow stump, and the lower branches so bent and tied down that the deception was scarcely discernible. Flat polished stepping-stones were placed across an imaginary marsh or pond, and iris miraculously grew up over night. As a crowning grace, an ancient cherry-tree in full bloom was brought down the street on a cart drawn by a horse, and transplanted by the gate, so that it shed its light fragrance over the scarlet "warrior heads" of the camellia-tree, in the Garden, and when the wind blew, drifts of white petals rippled down.

For three weeks the Garden was a bruised and shapeless mass. Then its wounds began to heal. The dampness brought out once more the soft green mold to cover the bare earth. The rocks, half-sunken in the ground and covered wth grey lichen, appeared to have been in place for centuries. An azalea bush by the stone water-basin burst into sudden flower. Cicadas returned to sing in the maples. In the blue twilight, the lamp man came down the street through the gate in the fence, to light up the face of a new Garden, with the bronze lantern swinging from the lowest branch of the laurel. The new Garden was even more beautiful than the old.

ANNA BELLE LEE

[Continued from page 24]

proposition of it and put it to her friends. Neither fancy nor common sense could answer her. It was her husband, her incomprehensible husband, who spoke the first word of defense.

"Oh, Mol, let up about Anna Belle! If she'd married and gone off, who'd have said anything?"

To which Mollie had the unanswerable answer: "But she didn't!"

It was on one of those sultry evenings that sometimes come in the early spring, when Mollie and her husband, with Mrs. Lee and Gertie at the side, were dragging silently along through the heavy dinner, that the front door was pushed gently open and a rather flushed young woman made her way in through the shadowy hall. She stopped at the dining-room door, and stood half-hidden by the heavy curtains. At last, she found her voice.

"Mother!"

A sudden deeper pallor overspread the withered face. With a shrill little cry, she stretched her arms out across the table.

"Annie Belle! Annie!" And then, for a moment, there was a dead silence.

It was little Gertie who, at length, broke the stillness. Upsetting her chair as she flung herself down from the table, she flew over to her aunt. A long moment Anna Belle bent to the tight embrace, then she gently loosened the thin little arms and silently, softly made her way around to her mother. She dropped upon her knees beside the chair.

"Mother!"

And when, at length, through the tears and kisses, she glanced up at those two who sat facing each other at the table, it was Mollie's husband who rose and held out his hand to her.

"Anna Belle, I didn't know you had so much sense."

She rose and faced him.

"You mean to come back?"

"No, to go away."

But Mollie is not an illogical person. She was not sure she ever could trust Anna Belle again. Not till she saw her sister and her mother seated in the train which was to bear them back to the farm did she begin to feel safe once more. But the pleasure was passing, momentary. Anna Belle bent from the window for a last word.

"If you want Gertie to come down, bring her early. I am sure to be there during July. But in August—"

Anna Belle drew back, and smiled alluringly. A thousand questions, all those queries which the new Anna Belle Lee had forbidden, rose to Mollie's lips. But they were drowned by the clanging bell. Slowly the train steamed away. And Mollie, staring after it, wondered long at this mystery of human nature.

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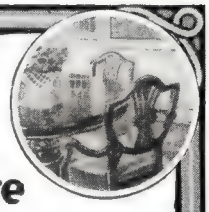

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STARTING THE STRAWBERRY BED

[*Continued from page 49*]

along and pick up the strongest plants, which are left in a trench in some convenient location until the following June.

The trenches are made about six inches deep, the plants set about one inch apart, and the trench refilled. Again, a man's foot and a hoe do the work. The idea is that severing plants while in a dormant condition and storing them closely in a trench prevents their feeling the shock of removal from the parent stem, and retards growth until time to bed. Of course, when they are removed to permanent rows, they are planted one foot apart and fields are kept free from weeds by using a one-horse cultivator between the rows.

Even in field culture the runners have to be attended to as soon as they commence to form. Allowing several to develop from each plant will make the row a comparatively solid mass of from fifteen to eighteen inches wide at the end of the season. A field set out in June or early July will give a full crop the following year and be nearly as productive the second year if early cultivated and fertilized, but after that should be plowed up and the ground used for vegetable crops before it is again used for strawberries.

The ground on which strawberries are to be grown should have been well enriched with barnyard manure for previous crops, but commercial fertilizer should be used while berries hold possession of the ground, for barnyard manure is apt to contain the spores of fungus diseases which attack strawberries. Means should be taken instantly to check these diseases at the first sign of them. One thing more: When purchasing plants, remember that there are what are called perfect and imperfect plants. The latter are just as good for all practical purposes if planted side by side with perfect plants, but not otherwise.

STUDYING UP THE SUBJECT

By JEANNETTE STERLING GREVE

A SMALL boy became interested, during a vacation in the country, in collecting butterflies and moths. When he returned to the city with his specimens his father was much pleased.

"That's a good idea, son," he said. "Now, you must read up about these things. Go to the library and get a book which tells you all about them, so that you will know what you are doing."

A few days later he inquired into the progress of the new study.

"Well, do you know, Father," the lad replied, "I got that book and I've read a lot in it, but I can't make head nor tail of it. There isn't a word about moths in it, although it's called 'Advice to Young Moth-ers'."

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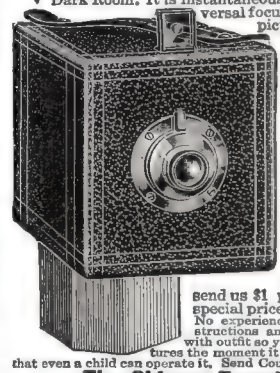

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STANDARD DRESS GOODS CO. 17—108th ST., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SONG POEMS WANTED

Send us your verses or melodies today. Acceptance guaranteed if available. Write for valuable booklet—it's free.
MARKS-GOLDSMITH CO., Dept. 113, Washington, D. C.

A CANFUL OF DOLLARS

[*Continued from page 59*]

the canning venture which was proving so successful for Ruth and me.

"Mary Ann Snow," she exclaimed, one day, "why didn't you buy a canning outfit and use tin cans, instead of jars and glasses? Then you could have shipped your goods to the city."

"Because," I told her frankly, "I hadn't ten dollars, when I began, to spend on a canning outfit."

"Well, I have," she declared. "And just as soon as I get home, I'm going to buy a canning outfit."

On arriving home she bought a small canning outfit for ten dollars, and five hundred three-pound cans for another ten dollars.

Her first year, she sold seventy-five cans of peaches at twelve and one-half cents a can; ninety cans of apples at eight and one-third cents a can; one hundred and thirty cans of blackberries at seven cents a can, sixty cans of pears at nine cents a can, one hundred and twenty cans of beans at eight and one-third cents a can, and twenty-five cans of tomatoes at eight and one-third cents a can. The labels for the cans she bought at the rate of five hundred for a dollar.

At the end of the year, she had not only the ten dollar canning outfit, as good as new, but sixteen dollars and forty-five cents in cash profits.

This success so encouraged her that she enlarged her garden, and her canning business has grown until, last season, she cleared over one hundred dollars.

I had a letter from her, the other day, in which she told me about three women friends of hers—city dwellers—who have started a little fruit-canning club. To secure their fruit cheaply, they watch the corner grocer, and, when they see his fruit getting soft, approach him at the week-end, and bargain with him.

The members of the club do all their own advertising and printing, by means of the typewriter and hectograph. Through applying to the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, they secured an excellent pamphlet giving directions for canning all the fruits and vegetables grown, and they seldom have a failure to record against themselves.

Part of their output they are selling by mail, and part they are putting aside to sell in the winter, when prices will be higher.

Editor's Note.—Do you want to earn money at home? And would you like some suggestions or advice? Write to Betty Grant Gordon, our Home Money-Making Editor, McCall's Magazine, New York City, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, and tell her your capabilities; she will be glad to advise you.

You know this trade-mark through National Periodical Advertising

TRADE - MARKS are the guides which enable the purchaser to repeat every satisfactory buying experience and to avoid the repetition of every unsatisfactory buying experience.

National advertising is the force which induces a great number of people to *try* a product—so that the economy of quantity production can be attained if the product gets general approval.

The trade-mark is the thing which identifies a maker so that we can repeat—or avoid repeating—the experience we have with his goods.

National advertising is the thing which makes *enough of us* use a product so that it can be produced economically and can be sold to us at a price much lower than the manufacturer would have to charge if he sold to only a few.

These are the reasons why trade-marked, nationally advertised goods are so generally the best goods of their kinds and are sold at such relatively low prices.

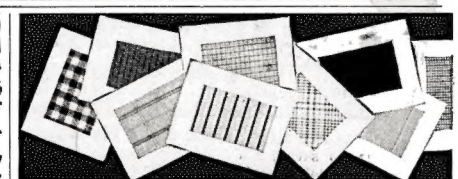
Trade-marks and national advertising, working together, are the two most valuable public servants in business to-day. Their whole tendency is to raise qualities and standardize them, while reducing prices and stabilizing them.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

MEMBER OF THE QUOIN CLUB
THE NATIONAL PERIODICAL ASSOCIATION

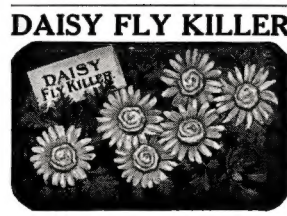
Ride a RANGER

bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine you can **prove** before accepting. **DELIVERED FREE** on approval and *30 days' trial.* **NO EXPENSE** to you if, after trial you do not wish to keep it. **LOW FACTORY COST,** great improvements and values *never before equalled.* **WRITE TODAY** for our *big catalog* showing our *complete line* of 1915 bicycles, **TIRES,** sundries and parts, and learn the wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. Auto and Motorcycle Supplies at *factory to user prices.* **Do not buy** until you *know* what we can do for you. A postal card brings everything.
MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. P. 26 CHICAGO



WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of **Shirt Waist** and **Suit Materials, Handkerchiefs,** etc. This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Samples FREE. **Mitchell & Church Co., 311 Water St., Binghamton, N.Y.**

DAISY FLY KILLER



placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. **Lasts all season.** Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. **Sold by dealers,** or 6 sent by express prepaid for $1.
HAROLD SOMERS
150 DeKalb Ave., Bklyn, N.Y.

AGENTS
$30 WEEKLY

Selling Improved Easy Irons. Mauller made $58 first 10 hrs. Fitter sold 24 in 3 days. Women crazy for it. Saves steps, time, work, fuel. Pays for itself quickly. Big profit on every sale. **Sell 8 out of 10 homes.** Guaranteed. Get our **Free Sample offer.**
FOOTE MANUFACTURING CO., Box 816, Dayton, Ohio

She Says

"I have three children who are being brought up on Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder."

This mother writes us that she owes her beautiful teeth to the twice-a-year visit to her dentist and the morning, night and noon use of

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Her children's teeth will be as beautiful as hers.

A 2c stamp sent us today will bring you an introduction to Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream in the shape of a dainty trial package.

I. W. LYON & SONS
523 West 27th St., New York City

Save the Free Tooth Brush Coupons—one in every package

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

takes all the odor out of perspiration

No need of discomfort, even on the hottest day or in crowded ballrooms. "Mum" absolutely neutralizes all bodily odors.

Does not injure skin or clothing. One application lasts from bath to bath.

25c at nine out of ten drug- and department-stores.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

OUTDOOR LIFE

involves no sacrifice of beauty when the complexion is guarded by LABLACHE. It protects the delicate texture of the skin from sun and wind—from the smoke of travel, dust of motoring. Preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. E
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

OUR HOUSEKEEPING EXCHANGE

Conducted by HELEN HOPKINS

To Loosen Lid.—If the lid on your lard pail is hard to remove, tie a strong cord loosely around the pail below the lid, put a nail under the cord, and twist. By thus tightening the cord evenly around the can, you will loosen the lid.—Mrs. F. S., Montreal, Canada.

Bleaching Hint.—To bleach white goods having colored embroidery, which cannot be boiled after washing, put in an old pillow-case which has been dipped in strong bluing water and thoroughly dried. Rinse and dry each article before putting in the pillow-case. Hang the case with articles in good, strong light for several days. They will be perfectly white, and the embroidery will not fade.—M. F. S., Albany, New York.

When Breaking Eggs.—If a funnel is placed over a glass, or tumbler, and the eggs cracked into it, one at a time, it is easy to keep the yolk and white apart, as the white runs down into the tumbler and the yolk can be tilted out of the top—S. I. S., Hartford, Connecticut.

To Size Rugs.—Rugs that curl on edge, or wrinkle in middle, have lost their "sizing". Place the rug upside down on a level floor. Make very thin cooked starch and add five cents worth of powdered gum arabic, dissolved in a little water. Apply to back of rug with a paint brush or a paper-hanger's brush. When the rug becomes dry it will be like new.—Mrs. J. W. K., Farmer City, Illinois.

Tucks and Darts.—When marking tucks or darts or taking any other needful precautions for exact stitching, lay a sheet of carbon paper between the layers of cloth and both sides will be marked precisely alike. This saves a great deal of worry and time.—L. M., Birmingham, Alabama.

Cheesecloth Casings.—Instead of using the poorly cleaned casings from the butcher for stuffing sausage, make long, narrow sacks of cheesecloth or thin muslin. Stuff these with the sausage, properly seasoned. Smoke them slightly; then, while the stuffed sacks are still somewhat warm, dip them in melted parowax. The sausage will remain fresh for a longer period than it does in the regular casing.—Mrs. C. Y., Mt. Vernon, Indiana.

Clearing Jelly.—Jelly made by boiling the peeling with fruit is often cloudy, even when thoroughly strained. To remove this appearance, after straining, boil a freshly broken egg-shell into the sirup before adding the sugar. All the sediment collects on the shell, and is easily removed with a spoon.—Mrs. P. C. P., Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

To Clean Combs.—Put two tablespoonfuls of ammonia in a basin of warm water, and let the comb remain in this solution about one-half hour. Remove, and wipe dry. The comb will be spotlessly clean.—Mrs. L. C. W., Clayton, New York.

Salad-Dressing Hint.—Many housewives fail on boiled salad-dressing because they add the eggs to hot vinegar. If beaten eggs are thoroughly stirred into cold vinegar, and the mixture is then boiled, the dressing will not take on a curdled appearance.—*Oregon Reader.*

To Remedy Mistake.—If too much salt has been put into the soup, add slices of raw potato. After the pieces of potato have boiled for a few minutes, remove them. If the soup is still too salty, repeat the process. Be generous with the potatoes, as they can be later browned or creamed, or used in hash, for another meal.—C. S. C., Washington, D. C.

Editor's Note.—If you have discovered how to do some one thing just a little bit better than your neighbor, let us hear about it. We pay a minimum of twenty-five cents for each available contribution, and fifty cents for such as are one hundred words or more in length. Contributions copied from books or other publications cannot be accepted. No manuscripts can be returned, but those not used and paid for will be destroyed.

THIS CHURCH RECEIVED $147.05 UNDER McCALL'S "CHURCH-FUND-RAISING PLAN"

RAPER METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Dayton, Ohio

April 12, 1915.

The McCall Company,
New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—

I wish to acknowledge receipt of your check for $72.15, and in recognition of your generosity, we, the ladies of the Raper M. E. Church, sincerely thank you and recommend your Church-Fund-Raising Plan to other churches.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) MRS. IDA B. CUMMINGS.

Note:—Adding $75.00 earned last year, makes a total of $147.05.

If Your Church Needs Money

You owe it as a duty to your church to bring this extraordinary offer to the attention of the "Ladies' Aid Society" or "Guild" or "Sodality" or "Auxiliary" or Sunday-School or "Young People's Society" or "Missionary Society" or "Charity Workers" or "Boy Scouts" or "Library Committee" of your church, or any church that needs money.

We Will Give $100.00 to Your Church

The Round Grove Baptist Church, of Autwine, Oklahoma, (Population only 150), has just received our check for $100.00 under McCall's "Church-Fund-Raising Plan"; and you have the same opportunity, no matter whether your church is in a small town or in a large city.

More than 3,000 churches have taken advantage of McCALL'S easy and practical "CHURCH-FUND-RAISING PLAN". It is recommended by small-town churches and by large-city churches of every denomination, in every State of the United States and many Provinces of Canada. Far more satisfactory way of raising money than fairs, entertainments or socials.

No risk—no obligation—no expense—not one cent to lose. Write at once for McCall's "Church-Fund-Raising Plan". Free on request. Address

"Church-Fund-Raising Department", c/o The McCall Company, 236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City

THIS CHURCH RECEIVED $70.00 UNDER McCALL'S "CHURCH-FUND-RAISING PLAN"

SECOND REFORMED CHURCH
Harrisburg, Pa.

December 30, 1914.

The McCall Company,
New York City, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—

Your check for $70.00 received, for which accept our thanks. We used your liberal offer for the purpose of raising money for the tiling of our Church.

We consider your plan a very easy and pleasant way to earn money for any purpose, and we heartily recommend the plan to other churches.

Yours truly,

(Signed) MISS MARY WERTZ.

THE NEWS, JUNE 10, 1915

At the Summer Resorts

—they all resort to

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER

—for its cooling relief to sunburned skins

—for its absorbent action that removes hot weather stickiness, refreshes after exercise and makes dressing comfortable

—for its judicious amount of boric acid and other sanative and soothing ingredients

—for its wide choice of perfumes, meeting every personal preference.

These are some of the many reasons why they all resort to Colgate's Talc.

Sold everywhere—or a dainty trial box (any perfume shown below) sent on receipt of 4c in stamps.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. L
199 Fulton St. New York

Cashmere Bouquet, Éclat, La France Rose, Violet, Monad Violet, Tinted, Baby Talc, Dactylis and Unscented

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined